

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 23, 1960

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

## THE MAD WORLD OF BRIDGE

Jack Olson reports on the surprising  
antics of big-time tournament players

CHARLES GOREN





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IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Cover: Charles Goren

The best (but by no means the easiest) of the bridge champions, Charles Goren reigns over *The Mad World of Bridge*. Jack Olsen's tour of Goren's world starts out on page 41.

Photograph by Louise Dahl Wolfe

## Next week



► Herb Elliott, the best mile runner in the world, is on the U.S. from Australia to race Dwyer Burstein, the U.S.'s best. Tex Maize will tell the story of Elliott—and of his troubles.

► A last-minute report from Indianapolis on the windup weekend of qualifying, and Alfred Wright's survey of which cars to watch during the Memorial Day "500."

► In a confidential letter to his editor, Robert Coughlan reports on his strange journey south to Jamaica in search of an earthly paradise, here described for the first time.

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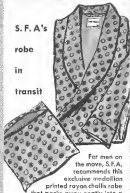
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## MEMO from the publisher

THE privilege by which writers and editors decorate their offices with items of personal and obscure significance has long been a tradition in the trade. Even in quarters of as recent vintage as those *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* occupies within the new Time & Life



Building the walls already reflect the individual character of the persons stationed nearest to them. Thus this baset hound now sets the tone in Staff Writer Jack Olsen's rooms.

Olsen's contributions to this magazine have covered football, baseball, water polo, billiards and, only three weeks ago, the revolutionary electric pistol. But during recent months Olsen's major effort has been a book, *The Mad World of Bridge*. Published this week by Holt, Rinehart and Winston (\$3.95), it suggested our cover and is the source of Olsen's account in this issue of the often wondrous

behavior of the geniuses of bridge.

Although he has played a kind of bridge for most of his 34 years, Olsen's interest in the game took on new proportions a couple of years ago when, as a TIME correspondent, he began to gather material for a cover story on Charles Goren. Meeting Goren and a number of other bridge titans, Olsen was surprised to find many of them "pleasantly nutty" and involved not so much in what until then he had regarded as a game as in a way of life like none he had seen before.

The result Olsen describes as an "unauthorized biography of bridge," a work in which he received the unstinting cooperation of Goren himself, who also wrote the introduction. The book, says Goren, manages "to show how bridge has been the real cause of murders, assaults, divorces, intrigues, blackmail and just plain insanity."

Which brings us back to the baset hound. "It is," according to Olsen, "a true and excellent likeness of the author at work on *The Mad World*."

And it may indeed give you an idea of what to expect when you read Jack Olsen on bridge. But it doesn't really look like Olsen. He looks like this.



*Richard L. James*

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## Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



**THE QUESTION:** *The old saying about golf is: "Drive for show and putt for dough." Do you agree?*



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**HENRY PICARD**  
*Former Masters and  
PGA champion  
Cleveland, Ohio*

No. The driver is the king of golf, and the best shot in golf is the drive. Harry Vardon was a great driver and a mediocre putter. Yet some authorities consider him one of the best. Ben Hogan is a super driver, a super iron player but an ordinary putter. The top golfers are rated on courses that require great driving.



**HOWARD CREEL**  
*Winner of Broadmoor  
Invitational 1957  
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Yes I do. I don't care how well you play on the fairways, if you can't get the ball in the hole you are dead. A good putter can consistently beat a good driver, and I've often seen it done. The really top-flight golfers spend hours and hours in tedious practice, trying to improve their putting.

CONTINUED



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HOTBOX continued



THE DUKE  
OF WINOSON

Not at all. I refer you to a remark made  
by Ben Hogan after he won the Brit-  
ish Open. He said that he won with his  
drives. In my opinion, putting plays too  
important a part in golf. In reality it's a  
game that children and ladies can play on  
the lawn, hardly an athletic sport. Why  
not double the diameter of the cup?



BRYAN W. NEWKIRK  
Financier and  
developer  
Duck Key, Fla.

Yes, and there's no truer statement ever  
made. In match play, a good putter can  
spot his opponent 25 yards on drives and  
beat him consistently on the greens. No  
one knows better than I, because I used  
to play for large side bets. My drives were  
long and straight, but I lost most of the  
money on the greens.



SAM SNEAD  
Former Masters and  
PGA champion  
White Sulphur Springs,  
W. Va.

If I had my choice in golf as it's played  
today, I'd rather be a good putter than  
a good driver because putting is 75%  
of the game. Gene Sarazen suggested a long  
time ago that we de-emphasize putting  
by using eight-inch cups. But it doesn't  
seem right that a "pocket" who pecks  
along should beat a great, natural golfer.



ROBERT SWEENEY  
1937 British  
Amateur champion  
Palm Beach, Fla.

Well, you have to be a great driver and a  
great putter to win the top tournaments,  
but generally speaking, a great putter  
who is a fair driver can beat a golfer who  
is a great driver but a mediocre putter.  
All the great golfers are good putters.  
Bobby Jones used to sink 50- and 100-  
foot putts.

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# SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

## Baseball goes to Washington

The men who own baseball met in Chicago this week to regroup, to gather their quaking forces against the threat of a third major league, to sharpen their strategy against the evils of congressional legislation. Then, hides firmly bound, myopia in place, they descended upon Washington, prepared to fight to the fans' last dollar to preserve the status quo.

Arrayed against them was strange trio: a Senator from Tennessee, an old man with bushy eyebrows and a silver tongue, a sharp corporation lawyer from New York. The weapon which Senator Estes Kefauver, Branch Rickey and Bill Shea were waving was something called S-3483: "The Professional Sports Anti-trust Act of 1960." Whether it was a good weapon or bad depended upon where you sat. S-3483, at times, had the look of something which might explode right in the middle of everything, blowing up the entire game. This was what Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick said he feared. To others, it appeared to be just the instrument to open up the present structure of Organized Baseball, pro-

viding an inlet for new cities and new teams. This was the belief of Kefauver, and the Continental League's Rickey and Shea. To a lot of fans—present and future—the only important thing was that S-3483 at least go off with a bang somewhere and do something—even if it was half wrong. Those on the sidelines were getting tired of waiting.

Best bet: S-3483 will go off, although it may never pass in its present form. Frick is right: there are deficiencies. Eventually both sides are going to have to give—and Organized Baseball will have to give the most.

## Elliott's strained arrival

Herb Elliott, the world's best miler, arrived in California this week to run against U.S. challengers—and doctor's orders. Elliott strained a ligament in his left foot while training in Australia. When he reached Honolulu he had the foot examined. The doctor advised six weeks rest. Elliott disregarded this counsel to test the ligament in an exhibition half mile (he won by 70 yards in the slow time of 1:59.4). Afterward he said: "I felt good all the way. If the pain doesn't come back, I'm on the road to recovery."

## For the love of the rules

With the golf world still rocking from a series of curious incidents involving the rules, and with weekend practitioners trying out a whole new batch of regulations proposed by the U.S. Golf Association, it is appropriate that the best book on the rules ever written by an American should be published at this time. This is a slim volume (102 pages) by Richard S. Tufts, a former president of the USGA, published by Mr. Tufts in his home town of Pinehurst, North Carolina. It is entitled *The Principles Behind the Rules of Golf*—surely one of the least catchy titles ever to appear



A GAMING AGENT FOR A GAMBLING KLAN

in sports literature—and the dogged seriousness of the author is instantly reaffirmed in his dedication of the book "to all lovers of the game, with apologies for the fact that it is somewhat on the heavy side and the warning that it is intended for their education and not for their amusement."

All this is quite true. It is not easy going. What gives the book its distinction, however, is that for Mr. Tufts, as for few men, the rules of golf are and have always been "a beautifully balanced code, rich with logic, drama and the traditions of a great sport." He begins by establishing the two great principles of golf: "Play the course as you find it," and, "Play your own ball and do not touch it." He goes on from there to talk about the working principles that implement these two basic principles. As he makes his way quietly from point to point, what you really gain is access to the philosophy of one of the surest golf minds our country has every produced.

*The Principles Behind the Rules of Golf* probably would not make a very exciting movie. It is merely a minor classic, the pleasantest walk imaginable over the old hazardous terrain.

## Win your own primary

Aboard Senator John F. Kennedy's campaign plane they're playing a new game called Convention! The idea is to try to get nominated for President of the U.S. Played on a board, the game includes smoke-filled rooms,

THE PRINCIPLES BEHIND  
THE  
RULES  
OF  
GOLF

A BEAUTY OF A BOOK ON RULES

bandwagon sentiment and even a credentials committee. The players go into various caucuses where delegates may be won (20 from New York for promising to bring the Dodgers back, 10 if Wall Street likes you) or lost (20 for offending the Mayor of Pittsburgh, 10 for confusing Dallas with Houston). In Convention! the Wisconsin primary is a key one, worth extra delegates. Winning in West Virginia, however, is worth nothing.

#### A parlor and his better

One of the lesser-known facts about Prince Aly Khan, killed in France last week (see page 16), is that he was one of the biggest gamblers in the world. He bet often and he bet big. Most of the time he backed his own horses, as if to vindicate his judgment of blood stock, but one of his greatest killings, £50,000 (\$140,000), was a bet on Suzy Volterra's Phil Drake in the 1955 Derby at Epsom.

Aly bet mostly in Britain, where bookmaking is legal. When he was at the race courses himself, he bet with bookmakers at the track. When he was out of the country, he bet through George Criticos, the Greek-born head porter at London's Ritz Hotel. Criticos, who had been making bets for Aly since the Prince was 18, estimated that he placed at least a quarter of a million pounds in wagers for him over the past 30 years. Aly would bet up to £10,000 (\$28,000) on a horse, usually "each way" (i.e., win and show). He would call or cable Criticos to place a bet, suggesting the price he should try to get. More often than not the bet ended up with Jack Wilsons, Ltd., a bookmaking firm run by Dave Davis and "Beau" Goldsmith in London's Dover Street.

To the last, Aly's favorite races were the classics in which it is possible to bet at long odds months in advance. For the Derby June 1 at Epsom he had bets (now void, under British bookmaker rules) of £50,000 on his colt Charlottesville.

Over the years, Aly won about as much as he lost—good betting, as any steady gambler can attest. Although bookmakers had to wait for their money when he was out of the country, he died owing not a single penny. "When he lost," said Bookmaker Davis, "he never complained about jockeys or anything like that. He was a very good loser."

#### In the bag

"Hey!" chirps an ad in the Sunday funnies. "Baseball teams and fans! Boys and Girls! WIN A \$20,000.00 BASEBALL PARK FOR YOUR TEAM OR LEAGUE FREE!" All the Boys and Girls! have to do to be the first on their block to own four grandstands, two dugouts, fences ("keeps out little kids"), a backstop, a pitching machine, an electric scoreboard, a press box ("For reporters, radio-TV announcers and VIP guests"), night lights, etc., is to send in the most "empty" candy bags. While the contest is a team affair, the company warns that it is "the most bags per player" which determines the winning team. "What really counts," they add, "is initiative and good old-fashioned teamwork." And, conceivably, a good old-fashioned box of bicarbonate.

#### The price of deer

Texas ranchers may be raising the wrong kind of livestock. The state fish and game commission reports that in one area deer brought a net return of \$153.28 per head last year in fees paid for hunting privileges, whereas the return on cattle, sheep and goats was only \$28.82 per head. What's more, deer require no capital investment other than land. And the same land which can support one 750-pound cow will support six deer.

#### He blew the whistle

When angry soccer players in Sydney, Australia threateningly surrounded Referee Eric Illk, he yanked out an ultrasonic dog whistle and gave one quick, maudible toot. A German police dog, standing by for just such an emergency, rushed out from the aid. It was and frightened the players away.

#### Off the old block

Toots Shor's son Rory attends a private school in Manhattan called St. David's, where the faculty and boys take lunch together. Recently a teacher noticed that Rory, not content with merely passing the food around the table, was on his feet serving each boy personally and acting the gracious host. "How nice!" was her instinctive reaction. "Like father, like son."

Not quite. Rory didn't call anybody a crumbum.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**JUDY HELLER**, 19, of Old Hickory, Tenn., the youngest golfer on America's Curtis Cup team which will play in England late this month, successfully defended her Southern Amateur title at New Orleans by defeating Jackie Higgins of New Orleans 6 and 4.



**JERRY OVER**, 18, of Northwest Louisiana State, after only one month of practice gave encouraging showing in Olympic event in which U.S. is usually weak, when he cleared 50 feet 2 1/2 inches in hop, step and jump in Southern AAU championships.



**COLLEEN O'CONNOR**, 21, University of Texas, student, for second year in row was high point scorer (including 30-yard dash in 4.31) in Baylor Girls Olympics at Waco, where her college won permanent possession of trophy with its third straight victory.



**JAY ARNETTE**, 21, member of 1948 U.S. Olympic basketball team, helped his college, University of Texas, clinch its third Southwestern Conference basketball title by hitting one home run, two doubles and two singles in two-game victory over SBCU at Dallas.



**BURTON ROSS JR.**, 31, marine supply salesman from Spokane, broke record for the one-kilometer course on Lake Washington at 115.55 mph in 14-foot, Ted Jones-designed hydroplane, broke Hugh Ertorp's month-old record for unlimited outboards.



**MAX TRUEX**, former Olympian from South, in Cal and one of U.S.'s top distance runners, broke his own American 5,000-meter record when he galloped distance in 15:53 for victory in annual San Jose All Corners meet at San Jose, Calif.



1960 Masters Golf Champion, Arnold Palmer

## What Arnold Palmer can tell you about sizing up eating places

"Leading a gypsy's life, so to speak," says golf star Arnold Palmer. "I've had to develop a kind of 'system' for picking good spots to eat."

"One almost sure tip-off, I've found, is a bottle of Heinz Ketchup on the tables or counter. According to my experience, a place particular enough to use Heinz Ketchup is pretty sure to serve top-grade meals."

*P.S. Richer, thicker Heinz Ketchup is far and away America's number one favorite. The reason? No other ketchup tastes like Heinz. And, thanks to its extra richness, Heinz goes further both in cooking and at the table.*

When you eat out, always look for

**"THE SIGN OF GOOD EATING"**



## COMING EVENTS

May 20 to May 26

All times are E.P.T.

• College athletics • Television • National radio

### Friday, May 20

- BOXING**
  - Maghin vs. Mott, heavy, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York 10 p.m. (NR)
  - Boyer vs. Yonkita, lightweight, 10 rds., 15 rds., Tokyo
- GOLF**
  - Women's Capital Cup matches, Washington, England (radio May 21)
- HORSE SHOW**
  - Indefinite Hunt, Kirkwood, Mo. through May 22
- MOTOR SPORTS**
  - Virginia 1000 Mile Rally, Arlington, Va. through May 22
- TRACK & FIELD**
  - Collegiate Relays, Los Angeles

### Saturday, May 21

- BASEBALL**
  - New York at Chicago (CR)
  - San Francisco at Pittsburgh (NR-TV), Maryland (radio)
  - Washington at Kansas City (ABC)
- HARNESS RACING**
  - 1-5 Harrow Writers Post, \$30,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
  - The Freshman, \$100,000 added, Pomona, Md. (CR)
  - Los Angeles Handicap, \$10,000 added, Hollywood Park, 125 (CR-TV, Paris)
  - The Arrow, \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- HUNT RACE MEETINGS**
  - Hunt Try Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.
- LACROSSE**
  - Meridian at Johns Hopkins
- MOTOR SPORTS**
  - At CA Golden West Natl. Rally, Laguna, Calif. (radio May 22)
- BOXING**
  - Adams Cup, Harvard, N.Y., Pennsylvania at Philadelphia
  - American Sprint, Long Beach, Calif.
- TRACK & FIELD**
  - Fourth Southwest Area, Champaign, Ill.

### Sunday, May 22

- BASEBALL**
  - Los Angeles at Philadelphia (CR)
  - Washington at Chicago (NR-TV, Maryland)
- GOLF**
  - World Championship Golf, Middlebrook, N.Y. (radio NR)
- MOTOR SPORTS**
  - 1,800 Kilometers of Nurburgring, Nürburg West Germany
- TRACK & FIELD**
  - U.S. Marathon Championship, Yonkers, N.Y.

### Monday, May 23

- BASEBALL**
  - San Francisco Giants vs. Army, West Point, N.Y.
- PIRMEING**
  - Car Cup Tuna Tournament, Car Cup, Bahamas through May 25
- GOLF**
  - British Men's Amateur, Chertsey, Antigua, Northern Ireland through May 25

### Tuesday, May 24

- HORSE SHOW**
  - Oklahoma City Charity, Oklahoma City through May 25

### Wednesday, May 25

- BASEBALL**
  - Baltimore at Chicago (Mutual)
- BOXING**
  - Monica Benavente, heavy, 10 rds., Indianapolis, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
  - The Juvenile, \$35,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- SOCCER**
  - Germany vs. Scotland, opening of International Soccer League, New York

### Thursday, May 26

- GOLF**
  - 2000 Festival Open, \$30,000, Speedway, Ind. through May 29
- HARNESS RACING**
  - Freehale Race, \$25,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

\*See local listing



PHOTOGRAPHED IN NASSAU, BAHAMAS

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### A POOR MEMORIAL

Bowing to popular sentiment that was inflexible though largely unreasoning, the faculty of the University of Wisconsin last week voted to abolish boxing as an intercollegiate sport. This action resulted from the tragic death of Wisconsin's 22-year-old intercollegiate champion boxer, Charlie Mohr, of injuries received in the NCAA championships at Madison (SI, April 25). We believe that this decision is an injustice both to boxing and to the young boxer himself.

Charlie Mohr's father urged the Wisconsin authorities not to make his son's death an excuse for outlawing the sport he loved. Many of Mohr's teammates echoed the wish. Had Mohr's death

### A MAN FOR SQUAW

Unless she can find a man of her own to cherish and care for her, the sporting world's most successful debutante is in serious danger of falling apart. Planned and built specifically as a site for the 1960 Winter Olympics, California's Squaw Valley, by a combination of good luck and good planning, turned out in the brief moment of its intended use to be one of the world's finest winter sport playgrounds. The excellence of the competition it made possible spread the popularity of winter sports far beyond the mountainous walls of the valley. Evidence of this new enthusiasm was apparent in the crowds of visitors (an average of 22,000 a week) which kept flocking into Squaw even after the Games were over.

Once in the valley, however, these thousands of visitors found little to keep them there or to lure them back. The big show was over. The valley's

been characteristic of the sport that caused it, such pleas might be dismissed as mere sentiment, but there are no statistics to prove that college boxing is any more dangerous than other contact sports and many to indicate just the opposite.

All sports are based on the relative factors of skill and endurance, the ability to "dish it out" with effect and to "take it" more or less with impunity. Because boxing exhibits these factors at their most elementary level—the direct application of force by and to the human frame—it is thought of as a roughneck and suspected of delinquency regardless of its record or intentions.

Actually, intercollegiate boxing is hedged about with more medical supervision, protective devices and precautionary rules of play than any other sport of comparable roughness. An impressive record of intercollegiate competition without serious injury over the years testifies to the efficacy of these measures. The fact that Wisconsin plans to continue its program of intramural boxing indicates that danger was not a serious factor in its decision.

Charlie Mohr was one of Wisconsin's most able and enthusiastic proponents of boxing. To banish intercollegiate competition in that sport from the campus where he helped make it thrive seems to us a poor memorial to a fine young athlete.

custodian, the California Department of Beaches and Parks, was leasing its various fine facilities to whatever concessionaire would take them on. The unifying sense of purpose which made Squaw Valley briefly great was dissipated like the winter snows. It became obvious that by the time the snows returned Squaw would be just another Sierra ski resort.

With \$20 million of its taxpayers' money invested, the State of California is well aware that this would be a poor fate for Squaw Valley, but a government agency is not equipped to do much about such a problem. What Squaw Valley badly needs and what California wants it to have is an imaginative, enthusiastic, well-heeled and public-spirited promoter who would be willing to take over the whole of Squaw on a long-term lease arrangement. Along with Californians, we urgently hope such a man will step forward to aid a worthy lady in distress.



THE RIVAL MANAGERS: CLEVELAND'S QUIET JOE GORDON (ABOVE) BEGINS TO CLOSE IN ON CHICAGO'S QUIET AL LOPEZ



# THE INDIANS AGAIN

**Underrated and overtraded, the Cleveland club is back to imperil the White Sox dynasty in the American League**

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

FOR TWO SEASONS now the Cleveland Indians have been a team no one has believed in. A year ago in spring training they were picked for sixth place, but General Manager Frank Lane traded and wheedled and patched together a team that astounded everybody by finishing second. This spring no one rated the Indians very high because Lane apparently had torn his good second-place club apart. He traded Billy Martin, the so-called sparkplug second baseman; he traded Cal McLish, his 19-game-winning pitcher; he traded Minnie Miñoso, his dependable left fielder, and he traded Rocky Colavito, his home run hero.

When the season began and the Indians lost four straight and fell into last place, everybody agreed, "Frank Lane's done it this time. He's ruined his team with his crazy trades." But last week the Indians, slowly climbing up through the standings, beat the New York Yankees in two successive extra-inning games and suddenly found themselves the focus of attention again. They were back in Cleveland after a successful road trip, they were in the first division, and the Chicago White Sox, the American League champions, were in town for a four-game series. While no May series can genuinely be called vital, the Cleveland papers pointed out with some bitterness that the Indians couldn't win the pennant without

beating the White Sox. Had the Indians won half of their 22 games with Chicago last year, the pennant would have been theirs by three games. Instead they lost 15 times to the White Sox. It was time for a change.

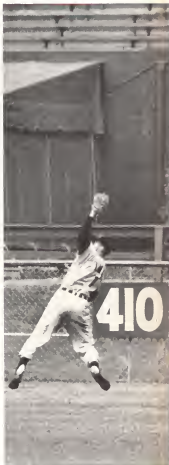
Wynn Hawkins, a lean right-hander, opened the series for Cleveland, pitching in raw, 40° weather against Billy Pierce. The Indians loaded the bases with two out in the first inning, and Woodie Held, Cleveland's biggest home run hitter now that Rocky Colavito is gone, was at the plate. The roar from the crowd was the old Rocky roar, too, except that the screams of the admiring young females were missing.

Pierce got behind, three balls and one strike. Held fouled off a pitch and then drove a fast ball on a line toward right field. But Roy Sievers, playing first base, put up his glove, the ball stuck in it, and Pierce was out of the inning. He was never again in trouble.

Hawkins, on the other hand, lost his game just when he looked best. In the fifth inning, with two out and Jim Landis on first, Luis Aparicio lined a single past Hawkins' head. That seemed to rattle the young Cleveland pitcher. His next pitch came in fat and high, and Nellie Fox hit it sharply to center field. Although Landis, running from second, is as fast as anyone in the game, Center Fielder Jimmy Piersall, playing shallow, might have thrown him out at home. But after fielding the ball cleanly on the first hop, Piersall couldn't get it out of his glove, and when he did make his throw it was too late. Worse yet, it sailed far over the catcher's head. Landis scored, Aparicio went to third and Fox to

*continued*

**SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED**  
MAY 23, 1960



**WILD LEAP** by Jim Landis failed to stop Indian homer from clearing fence.

second. Then Minnie Minoso singled to left, and the White Sox had three runs and the ball game.

But though Chicago won 4-2, Piersall, who becomes almost physically sick when he makes a mistake, came back to provide the game with its most memorable moment. In the fifth, with Johnny Temple up and Piersall on deck, Umpire Frank Umont called a strike that Temple objected to. From his position on deck, Piersall objected even more. After Temple went out, Piersall continued to rage at the umpire as he took his stance in the batter's box. Umont removed his mask and matched him—shout for shout, nose to nose. When the game resumed, Piersall smacked Pierce's first pitch on a line to deep left for a home run. He raced around the bases like someone in trouble, unsmiling, his face tense, his teeth clenched.

The weather was milder for the second game on Saturday afternoon, but the White Sox still used a hot-water bottle in their on-deck circle to warm their hands before hitting. Manager Al Lopez had announced that he would pitch Herb Score, Cleveland's erstwhile hero, whom the White Sox had gotten from the Indians in a trade the day before the season began. Joe Gordon, Cleveland's manager, clearly a man with a sense of drama, chose to pitch Barry Latman, the player the Indians had received for Score.

Latman got himself into trouble in the first inning. With the bases loaded and two out, Al Smith singled two runs home, the second in the large person of Ted Kluszewski, who bent Tito Francona's throw to the plate in an amusing duel between a slow runner and a weak arm.

So, in the last half of the first inning, Herb Score walked out to the familiar mound of Municipal Stadium with a two-run lead and the cheers of many Cleveland fans. Banners in the left-field grandstand said "Lots of luck, Herb" and "We know you can do it."

Pitching to Temple, the lead-off man, Score's last ball looked good—not as shockingly quick as it did before his injury, but good. Temple popped to right, swinging late.

But then up came the high-strung Piersall, and he singlehandedly



CHICAGO TRADED BARRY LATMAN TO INDIANS, KNOCKED HIM OUT IN SECOND INNING

HERB SCORE, IN UNFAMILIAR WHITE SOX UNIFORM, DID NOT LAST AGAINST CLEVELAND



ruined Score's composure. He pushed a bunt to the right of the mound, outraced Score to the bag as the first baseman fielded the ball, stole second and—getting a long jump on Score's elaborate pitching motion—stole third. When the catcher's throw got away from the third baseman, Piersall came all the way home.

Score walked Kuenn and Franco, and Power singled to center. By the time the inning was over, the Indians had scored three times.

In the second inning Latman walked two men, gave up a single, hit Minoso in the back with a fast ball and left the game. Score did better and he might have gotten through his half of the second, except for Piersall, who, with two out and Temple on second, hit a long drive to center. Jim Landis started back for it slowly, then sprinted, reached up and got his glove on the ball just as he hit the chest-high outfield fence. He collapsed, and the ball fell on the far side for a home run. Landis suffered a mild concussion and was helped off the field. Herb Score left with him.

The Indians built up a comfortable 10-3 lead, then held on as the White Sox fought back to 10-9. It was hardly a gallant win, but it was a win against the White Sox.

In the two games on Sunday, as in the one Friday night, Cleveland threw youth against Chicago's experience, and for most of the long afternoon youth lost. In the opener Jim Perry pitched a commendable game, but he was up against Early Wynn on one of the old man's mean days. Wynn won 4-0.

In the second game Dick Stigman, a rookie left-hander who in New York had come in from the bullpen to stop the Yankees with the winning run on third base, did well for a while, but then he walked three batters, the White Sox scored three runs and Stigman was out of the game. But the Indians tied the score in the ninth and won on a three-run homer by Harvey Kuenn in the 10th, giving them a split on the day, a split on the series and considering their weaker record so far this year, a distinct moral victory.

There is still a long season ahead but Frank Lane's Indians have made it abundantly clear that, far from being a bust, they are a team to be reckoned with.

END



JIM PERRY (31), WHO LOST TO CHICAGO, DEBATES WITH COLORFUL JIM PIERSALL



BILLY PIERCE, WHO BEAT INDIANS, REMASHES PLAY WITH GENE FREESE (RIGHT)



ALY: HE WAS DRIVING WITH UNUSUAL CARE WHEN HE WAS KILLED

## A MAN OF QUALITY

**Luck suddenly ran out for Aly Khan, the prince who always knew and owned the very best**

by RAY CAVE

THE DEATH of Prince Aly Khan last week deprived horse racing of its foremost international figure; it also deprived our times of a man of quality.

In the fields Aly Khan chose for his own he had no peers. His horses were the best, his manners were the best, his women were the best and his women were the best. Then suddenly last Thursday night, on the gentle curve of a suburban Paris street while on his way to be guest of honor at a small dinner party, Aly's life of excellence ended.

He had spent the day at Longchamp race track—"Don't play my horse today, I don't feel lucky," he told a friend—and then had gone home to dress for the evening in a blue tuxedo. Ready to leave his house at 10:15, he paused to telephone French industrialist Gerard Bonnet, his dinner host, to say he would be a little late. At his side as he took the wheel of his Lancia sports car was Bettina (real name: Simone Bodin), once the most elegant fashion model of France and Aly's mistress for years. A highly intelligent

woman, Bettina was accepted by Paris society and by Aly's family as well.

Driving slowly because he was breaking in the motor of his new car, Aly was near Saint Cloud race track when he crashed head-on into a Simca. Police said the Simca apparently swung into the center of the road as it rounded the curve and hit the Lancia. Bettina, Aly's chauffeur (who had been riding in the back seat) and the Simca driver escaped with minor injuries, but the Lancia's shattered steering wheel broke Aly Khan's neck.

His life had been a spectacular and public one. Friends said he lived at a rate of about \$3 million a year. His passion for speed, his parties, his charm, his international romances and lately his role as a diplomat were thoroughly chronicled (most recently by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in a series beginning March 23, 1959).

And his death was felt as a public loss. Crowds gathered outside his Paris house and tributes poured in from mourners of many stations of life—hairdressers and jockeys, film stars and ambassadors. The Cannes

Casino posted a bulletin of his death on its door Thursday night, and a Denuville doorman told of Aly quietly slipping him 100,000 francs after learning his baby daughter had been stricken with polio. "He was like that," said a racing friend. "He would haggle for days over \$100 in the price of a horse and then be incredibly generous to someone who was in trouble."

### A GREAT EYE FOR HORSES

But it is the sport of horse racing that will feel his absence the most. Aly brought to racing an uncanny eye for homedish combined with an unequaled knowledge of bloodlines. For 30 years he used his horse sense on behalf of himself and his father, the late Aga Khan III, and the end result was the finest international racing stable in history. So astute was his judgment of horses that on four occasions he bought the long-shot winners of major stakes races just months before their victories. His memory was prodigious: recently he looked at 30 yearlings at Chantilly and recited the bloodlines of each.

He sold his horses as shrewdly and unsentimentally as he bought them, coolly dealing off Tulyar for \$700,000 to the Irish National Stud soon after the horse had won the English Derby.

Through the years his far-flung stable operations prospered by following a basic principle of the Khans: breed horses internationally and you will get the best attributes of each country's breeding stock. Last year Aly Khan's racers won \$281,000 in England and \$700,000 in Ireland and France, both record one-year earnings for European owners.

There are now 95 horses in training under Aly Khan's green-and-red racing colors, and more than 200 brood mares and stallions on his stud farms. This \$8 million array of Thoroughbreds spreads from the U.S. and Venezuela to five large breeding farms in Ireland (Gilltown, Ongar, Sheeshoon, Ballymany, and Sallymount), four in France (La Coquerne, Saint Crespin, Marly-la-Ville and Lasay) and the famous racing stable at Chantilly, near Paris.

What will become of this vast racing organization? There will be no official announcement, pending a family conference and the reading of Aly's will.

But there is no reason to think the stable, like the bulk of his estate, will not go to his three children: sons Karim, 23, who is Aga Khan IV, and Amyn, 22, both from his marriage to the daughter of an English lord; and daughter Yasmin, 10, by his marriage to Rita Hayworth.

The two boys have not shared their father's interest in horse breeding and racing, an indifference which led some English and French racing people to predict that Aly's stable would be broken up and sold at auction. The buyers, they suggested sadly, probably would be Americans. ("A catastrophe!" said Robert Muller, Aly's racing manager. "European horses would soon be outclassed by descendants of Aly Khan's horses.")

There is hope, however, that this empire of racing, so patiently and brilliantly assembled, may not be permanently dissolved. The youngest of Aly's heirs, Rita's gay and spirited daughter Yasmin, seems to have developed an early fondness for horses and racing.

END



BETTINA: MODELED IN HIS FASHION, SHE WAS THE LAST OF ALY'S ELEGANT WOMEN



CORNELL'S SURPRISING CREW PULLS ACROSS FINISH A LENGTH AND A QUARTER AHEAD OF FAVORED HARVARD (RIGHT FOREGROUND)

# THE MIRACLE AT QUINSIGAMOND

by KENNETH RUDEEN

**Unsung Cornell upset mighty Harvard in the biggest one-day rowing regatta ever**

EIGHT rangy young men bent to the last long stroke, eight red-tipped oars bit into the water, and as the fragile shell glided easily across the finish the little miracle of Lake Quinsigamond was complete. Cornell had won the heavyweight varsity championship in the biggest one-day rowing regatta ever held. Harvard, the overpowering favorite, had fallen. High-stroking Navy, a menacing contender, had not kept up.

It would be stretching the truth to say that Cornell's victory in the 16th annual spring championships of the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges was a stupendous upset—that it was something on the order of Centre College's unthinkable upset of the Crimson football team in 1921. For one thing, Stork Sanford, the veteran Cornell coach, is known to be a sly old fox with a knack for

making the most of a short training season. Lake Cayuga, high above which Cornell stands, freezes over early and thaws late, so Sanford is perennially a training jump behind most of his rivals. But he can lose a race one week and then beat your brains out the next.

Additionally, the course was a short one—the Olympic distance of 2,000 meters (39 feet less than one and one-quarter miles). Short courses tend to be great equalizers. "You have a long start and a long sprint with a few strokes in between," as MIT Coach Jack Frailey says.

But as a modest miracle Sanford's achievement last Saturday on the deep, narrow, tree-rimmed trough at Worcester, Mass. will do very nicely. Especially since Cornell walloped Harvard's heavies twice during the day. Most especially since Sanford won with what was, except for one oarsman and the coxswain, his junior varsity the week before.

Now the Big Red must be regarded as a serious challenger in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta June 18 on Lake Onondaga at Syracuse and, above all, the Olympic

trials July 7-9 on the same water.

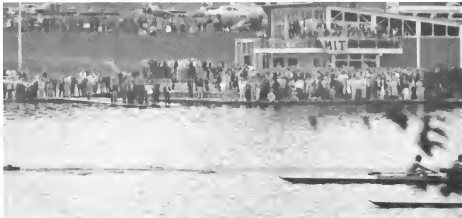
Until Saturday, Olympic rowing fever (on eastern thermometers, at least) was highest at Harvard, Navy and Penn. None of the three had been defeated this season—Harvard not since a loss to Yale at the end of the 1958 season. Besides a string of 12 straight varsity triumphs, including the championship of England's Henley Regatta last year, Harvard had put together no fewer than 24 straight lightweight varsity victories.

It was a big, close-knit, savvy crew that Coach Harvey Love brought in from the Charles River to Lake Quinsigamond, and Friday found him in a cautiously optimistic mood. Wearing a battered felt hat with brim upturned, a rain-streaked trench coat and a small, neat mustache, he paused between workouts to tick off some Harvard assets: average weight a solid 183 pounds, five holdovers from last year's crew and a tremendous stroke in Perry Boyden, a craggy-faced 6-foot 4-inch, 187-pound junior out of Frides Crossing, Mass.

Perhaps because of Harvard's rowing eminence, Love was thinking about the reputation of the Eastern sprints as a regatta for settling old scores: "Everybody is here so you go out and try to clobber the people who have beaten you in the past. However, I think our chances are good. I also think that several others can say the same thing."

Lou Lindsay, Navy's new coach, who like Love and Sanford is a prod-





AND NAVY, TRAILING HERE, HARVARD NIPPED MIDDIES IN LAST YARDS TO TAKE SECOND PLACE IN EASTERN SPRINT CHAMPIONSHIPS

Photograph by Brian Seft

uct of western rowing (he was a cox at Cal, Love a cox at Washington, Sanford a Washington oarsman), had a couple of problems. "We've had rough water on the Severn all spring. As a result our blade work is very far behind what it should be. Our slide work, too. We will be in better condition than some for this time of year but won't be rowing as well."

For some reason, Lindsey said, the Navy shell just didn't move except at an ultra-high beat. "From 29½ up to about 32 strokes a minute we don't go anywhere. Against Princeton the other day we rowed sky high. I didn't think we'd be able to keep it up, but we were doing 34-35 into the wind at the finish—and we were strong."

Lindsey's stroke and No. 1 strong-boy on a crew that has the heft of Harvard is the heavyweight boxing champion of the Naval Academy. Appropriately, he is from Tazana, Calif. His fighting weight is 220 pounds, but for rowing he has sweated down to 198. His name is Joe Baldwin, and Lindsey describes him in one word—massive. "I think I have seen him tired," Lindsey said, "but I have never seen him fatter."

If Lindsey had problems consider those that plagued Joe Burk, former Penn star, a brilliant prewar single sculler (U.S. and Henley champion) and present Penn coach. Things weren't really out of hand when the 37-man Penn expedition had to jolt through turbulent weather in a chartered DC-4 from fogbound Boston,

their plane's original destination, to Windsor Locks, Conn. near Springfield, Mass. Or on the 85-mile bus trip to Worcester. Or even when their Worcester hotel assigned them just six rooms. Those things could have happened on any Friday the 13th. But Burk was convinced it wasn't his day when he got a frantic call from one of his freshmen who had gone to check into a room.

"There's a sick woman in here," the freshman reported, "and she won't leave."

She stayed, the Penn men muddled through, some going to other hotels. The varsity—all nine men—bunked into one room.

"The principle of togetherness, you see," Burk said resignedly.

Unfortunately for Burk, the principle was applied with more success by Cornell on race day. It was a long day, involving 63 eight-oared shells and 567 crewmen from 13 colleges in a total of 18 races. EARC officials were 99.44% sure that so large a rowing armada had never before been assembled for one day's competition.

Under an overcast morning sky, the crews in the qualifying heats came swinging down the pond-smooth lake, site of the 1920, 1932 and 1952 Olympic tryouts. Light and heavyweight freshman shells, light and heavy junior varsities, lightweight varsities—Harvard, Navy and Cornell were qualifying in every category they entered: Penn, possibly still shaken by the previous day's miseries, was

barely making it here and there; Wisconsin (last year's IRA champion), Boston U. and Rutgers were being shut out.

Then it was time for the big boats, and there was Navy high-stroking it out in the middle of the lake at 34, with Princeton moving smartly near the western shore. Navy sprinted in at 41, beating Princeton by three-quarters of a length as Penn squeaked home third ahead of Wisconsin and so managed to qualify for the finals. Navy's time, 6:28.1, was far behind the course record, 5:57.7, made by Navy in the 1952 Olympic trials (with a tailwind). With Saturday's headwind freshening, the record was obviously safe.

As the second varsity heat began the spectators still had no inkling that Cornell was preparing to savage Harvard. For most of the onlookers peering upcourse from the boathouse pavilion near the finish, the shells were not visible until near the halfway point. When they did appear, Cornell and Harvard were on opposite sides of the lake with five boats in between, making it impossible to judge positions truly. Finally, as they swept into the last third of the course, it became suddenly and gaspingly clear that Cornell had a handsome lead. Harvard, in fact, had a job holding off third-place Syracuse. Never really threatened, Cornell finished in 6:26.9, Harvard 6:29.8 and Syracuse 6:31.

The long Crimson string had been

continued on page 77



## A Countess Sets the Pace

*Photograph by Herb Scherfman*



Under bright lights, over a fast track and before 40,000 fans at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, a new pacing star, Countess Adios, scoots away with the prize in the richest harness race (purse \$142,786) ever contested. Leading from the half-mile pole, the Countess

fought off the challenge of the nine colts in the field as she won the 65th Messenger Stake and first-place money of \$71,393.68. She crossed the finish line a winner by a length and a quarter as her trainer-driver, Del Miller, gave a whoop of victory (see page 61).

# Spikers at Work

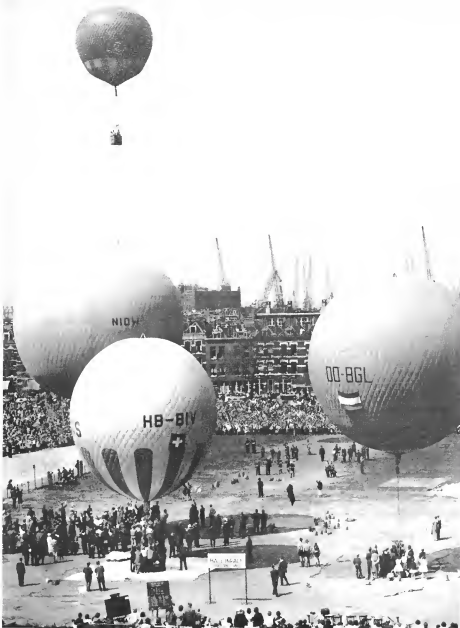
In power volleyball, the big shot is the "spike." To spike successfully, you leap high into the air and smash the ball past the outstretched hands of well-organized defenses, as the two spikers shown here did last week in the men's U.S. open championships at Dallas. Play didn't end there, however. Fast backcourt men sometimes retrieved the ball, passed it up soft and high where their own spikers could crash it into the enemy court.



**WALL OF HANDS**, classic volleyball defense, has little effect against violent blasts of spikers who shoot to right of opponents (*above*) and over them (*right*). Referee watches to see players do not foul by touching the net.

*Photographs by Shel Herskern*





# Some Real Gassers

Looking like filmhand surplus from *Around the World in 80 Days*, the balloons shown here were assembled for an international race in Rotterdam. While the distance to be covered (24 miles) was more modest than that of the movie balloon's, the race did have a Hollywood ending. Accepting the winner's trophy for the U.S. was a well-covered crew woman, Joan Fontaine, who had wanted to see Holland from the air in tulip time.





## Doorway to Bass

*Photograph by L. A. Wille*

A fatbom above the drowned yard of the cathedral of Old Guerrero, Texas Dave Hawk plays a largemouth bass. Once the largest city in northern Mexico, Old Guerrero became part of Falcon Lake when the Rio Grande was dammed in 1953. Now bass feed in the silent bandstand, the gloomy hotel lobby, the cathedral's pews.



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# THE SA-FRA-SEEKO KID

Mays is all right, Jones and McCovey, too, but  
in San Francisco they love Orlando Cepeda best.  
When he walks on the field—watch out, amigo!

by ROY TERRELL

ORLANDO Manuel (Peruchin) Cepeda Peña, the pride of Santurce, San Francisco and Horace Stoneham, was born in Puerto Rico, grew up in Kokomo, Indiana and someday soon will take over the state of California if the natives don't watch out. This will occur not through any design of Cepeda's; it will just happen. Things are always happening to Orlando Cepeda.

In two years in the big leagues, Cepeda has figured prominently in two riots, been sued by a cab driver, knocked cold as an Arctic char by a thrown ball and named Rookie of the Year, fined for dumb base running and elected to the All-Star team. He also lost his job and quadrupled his salary. This series of events has so endeared Orlando to San Francisco

fans that Willie Mays, by contrast, is considered something of a staid has-been and Willie McCovey an upstart who has yet to prove himself. Cepeda and big league baseball arrived in town the same day—April 15, 1958, on which occasion Orlando hit a home run—and San Francisco has been in love with him ever since. If Cepeda would just learn to pronounce the name of the place in English, Sa-fra-seeko probably would give him the Golden Gate Bridge.

Even San Francisco sportswriters, who differ on almost everything, including the direction in which the wind blows at Candlestick Park, are agreed that Orlando is a nice boy. He calls Bob Stevens of the *Examiner* "Boob," and Buckly Walters of the *New-Call Bulletin* "Bulky," and Art Rosenbaum, executive sports editor of the *Chronicle* "Mr. Hot," but of course this is simply because Orlando is having trouble with the language. At least Boob and Bulky and Mr. Hot are pretty sure that is the rea-

son. They are fond of describing him as a pixie, and if pixies have flat feet, muscles like a Santa Gertrudis bull and grow up to weigh 210 pounds, then Orlando is a pixie. Certainly he has a pixie face. On those rare occasions when he is unhappy, usually following an 0-for-4 day at the plate or when someone is so unkind as to boo him from the stands, gloom descends upon him like a San Francisco fog; his lower lip droops, his head hangs and he looks as if he were going to cry. When he is happy, however—and this is most of the time—everything on Orlando's face goes up; the corners of his mouth, the corners of his eyes, even his hairline and eyebrows and ears.

One reason that Cepeda is happy is that he, in turn, loves San Francisco. But then Cepeda loves almost everything: Puerto Rico, America, girls, automobiles, large gold wrist-watches, the Atlantic, the Pacific, money, sirloin steak, girls, fancy clothes and Hank Sauer, who is a nice fellow but not nearly so pretty as some of the other things. Only at airplanes and pitchers and people from Pittsburgh does he draw the line. "Thees," he says, "I no like." More than anything else, however, Cepeda loves to play baseball, and it is the way he plays baseball, with a boyish zest and enthusiasm that never seems to wane, which fascinates San Francisco the most.

## ALL THE TIME HE TRIES

Despite his size, Cepeda can run like a deer and he loves to steal bases; sometimes the base should not be stolen and sometimes Orlando does not make it—but still he tries. He has stolen 38 in two years. He also loves to slide, even when there is no point in sliding. He plays left field, which is not really his position, like a man who learned by watching the Cardinals' eccentric Joe Cunningham, frequently occupying one spot while the ball descends in another. But at least he has great hands, and there is something to be said for a last-second, lunging catch. "It is a little bit," an amazed teammate once said, "like

continued

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

**HAPPY WARRIOR** of the Giants is giant-size pixie Orlando Cepeda, who loves almost everything, but especially baseball.



**FRANTIC CLUTCH** by Willie Mays, who managed to wrestle Cepeda to ground, prevented bat-wielding rookie from cracking Pirate skulls during historic 1958 riot.

#### SA-FRI-SKEE KID *continued*

watching a man wrestle an alligator." He also has a very strong arm. And Orlando Cepeda can hit a baseball.

Only 22 years old now, Cepeda hit .312 and .317 his first two big league seasons, better than Willie Mays or Henry Aaron at the same stage, better than all but a few of the famed hitters of the past. He hit 25 and 27 home runs, drove in 96 and 105 runs, had 38 and 35 doubles. The most impressive feature of Cepeda's hitting, in fact, is his inexhaustible power. It is still possible to fool him with a good pitch and, because of the terrific cut he takes at a ball, he strikes out a lot: 84 times as a rookie, 100 last year. But when Cepeda connects, things happen; infielders cower, dents appear in outfield walls, baseballs disappear. On June 4, 1959, playing in Milwaukee, Orlando drove in seven runs in one ball game, hitting a single, a double and two home runs against Lou Burdette, Juan Pizarro and Carl Willey. The second home run was the first ever hit over County Stadium's left-field bleachers.

"This kid is going to be one of the big ones," says Hank Sauer, who was finishing up his long big league career when Cepeda joined the club and

now works with the Giants as a scout and, occasionally, as a coach. "He has that exceptional power; you watch how the ball jumps off his bat. It only does that with the good ones; it really jumps. He can beat Mays to first base. He has a real good arm. And I've never seen a kid so eager to learn. He wasn't very happy when McCovey came along last summer and he had to move off first base. But I think he likes it out there now. He's going to be a good outfielder, too, someday; he just needs experience. He has a little trouble going back on balls hit straight over his head, and sometimes he's lazy. You know, he stands around for an inning or two without a chance and he begins to think about something else. Daydreaming. But he'll get over that. He learned to play first base, and he'll learn to play the outfield."

At the plate Cepeda stands up straight and relaxed, elbows away from his body, bat cocked close to his right ear. For two years he used an exaggerated closed stance, the left foot close to the plate, the right foot far back in the outside corner of the box. This produced tremendous, uncoiling action of the torso; it also placed Cepeda in a cramped position trying to handle an inside pitch, and

major league pitchers needed only about 17 seconds to discover that. As a result, they were jamming him, pitching him tight. "When he was a boy," says Pizarro, who also comes from Santurce and used to play against Orlando in high school, "we used to pitch him high. Now you pitch him low and tight. You better not pitch him high." Cepeda's new stance is only a slight modification of the old; this spring he moved his back foot in toward the plate a bit in order to see all pitches better and get a freer swing. In Candlestick Park, where there is little point in trying to blast a baseball into the gale blowing in from left field, the new stance helps Cepeda pump more balls into right center. No right-hand hitter is going to hit too many home runs in the Giants' big new stadium, but Orlando's average, like that of Mays, will almost certainly climb.

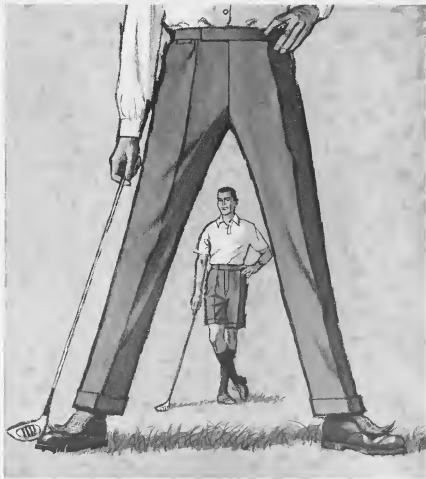
Says Garry Schumacher, the Giant publicity man, who has been around all the good National League hitters of the past 40 years: "He's the closest thing to Rogers Hornsby I've ever seen."

#### BORN TO PLAY BALL

Cepeda has been playing baseball almost since he was born. His father, Pedro, who was called Peruchio by adoring Puerto Ricans, was one of the island's most famous ballplayers, a hitter capable of batting .457 against good pitching, including that of Satchel Paige, even in the twilight of his career. Orlando, called Peruchin, would go around with his father to ball games all over the island, leaving his mother Carmen and an older brother, Pedro, back home in Santurce. Peruchin played so much baseball, in fact, at so young an age, that he developed a horribly bowed right leg. "Too much exercise too young," he explains now. An operation at the age of 15, from which Orlando still bears a great, angled scar just below his right knee, cured the condition; two months in the hospital and five months on crutches also added 43 pounds to Cepeda's weight. "When I go to hospital," says Orlando, "I no could heet the ball over the wall. When I come out, I heet heem over."

In the spring of 1955, when the son Orlando was 17 years old, the father Peruchio asked his old friend Pete Zorilla, who ran the Santurce club, to

*continued*



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take the kid to the States. At the Giant farm camp in Melbourne, Fla., Orlando was signed to a contract. At that same camp was another 17-year-old, a towering kid from Mobile named Willie McCovey.

That season of 1955 was the most miserable in young Peruchin's memory. He was just a baby, away from home for the first time. He was scared. He could barely understand the language. And then his father died, two days before Orlando's first game in organized baseball, from a sudden abdominal ailment. At Salem, where the Giants sent him first, Orlando had trouble with the manager. So the Giants moved him to Kokomo, a Class D club in the Mississippi-Ohio Valley League—and it

was there that Peruchin grew up.

"I want to go home," he says now, "but I keep telling myself I have to stay. I have to make good for my father. And for my mother. I have to be a ballplayer. I want to be a good ballplayer. So I stay."

He led the league in batting with .393, hit 21 home runs and drove in 91 runs in 92 games. The next year, at St. Cloud, in Class C, he hit .355, 26 home runs and had 112 runs batted in, leading the league in all three. Jumped to Triple-A in 1957, Orlando hit .309 at Minneapolis, with 25 home runs and 108 runs batted in. He wasn't even on the Giant roster in the spring of '58, but Horace Stoneham insisted that this young Orlando Cepeda was going to be his first baseman.

"Hey, Rig," said Whitey Lockman

one day in Phoenix to Bill Rigney, the Giant manager. "This kid Cepeda is three years away."

"Three years away?" said Rigney, appalled.

"Yeah," said Lockman. "From the Hall of Fame."

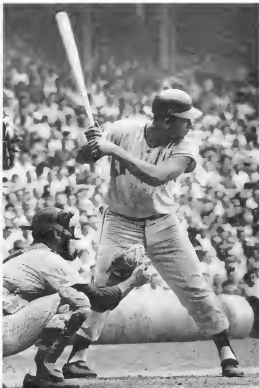
The first season in San Francisco, Cepeda lived with Pitcher Ruben Gomez, and it was Gomez who entangled Orlando in the two infamous brawls. The first occurred in Pittsburgh in May. Gomez hit Bill Mazeroski with a pitch, Vernon Law later dusted off Gomez, the umpire warned Law, Pirate Manager Danny Murtaugh came out to argue and ended up in a fight with Gomez. Just another baseball hassle. But Gomez was something special to Cepeda—a fellow Puerto Rican and a boyhood idol since Orlando was 4, when Gomez was already a good athlete and one of the big kids in the neighborhood. When the rest of the Giants poured out the field to back Gomez up, Cepeda detoured by the bat rack and came out armed.

If Willie Mays hadn't tackled him, there is no telling how many skulls he might have crushed. Later Orlando was sorry, very sorry, after it had been explained to him that ballplayers do not fight with bats in the big leagues. He was also \$100 poorer. And in Pittsburgh, Orlando will never win the most popular player prize.

#### RESCUED BY POLICE

The second incident came that winter, in Puerto Rico, during a play-off game at Mayaguez. Again Gomez hit a batter. Cepeda backed him up in the argument and the fans began to boo. They showered Orlando with fruit and bottles and cans of beer, causing him to miss a pop fly. So Orlando picked up the ball and threw it into the stands. Later he said the ball hit a railing and bounced back; a man, who said he was no railing, pointed to the knot on his head. Anyway the crowd got so out of hand that the game was forfeited to Santurce, and Cepeda and Gomez had to be escorted from the park by police. "Those people in Mayaguez crazy," says Cepeda. "Last winter, when I go back there to play a game, they want to keel me. I no go back there any more." Actually, Orlando has no intention of playing any more winter

POISED AND POWERFUL. CEPEDA'S STANCE REMINDS PEOPLE OF ROGERS HORNSEY



continued





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## SI-FRA-SEEKO KID continues

league ball in Puerto Rico anyway. "The first two years I have to play," he says, "or everyone thinks I swell-headed. Now they will understand that I am just tired."

While in Puerto Rico after his first big league season, Orlando bought a new house for his mother and became engaged. The girl, a lovely 17-year-old named Annie Pino, still attends high school near San Juan. When will they get married? "I no know," says Orlando. "We get married in November, I guess."

Gomez was traded to the Phils before the '59 season, and last year Cepeda lived with a Puerto Rican friend, not a ballplayer, in a small, carpetless, bare-walled flat over a grocery store on Irving Street, surrounded by hi-fi speakers and the screech of Cuban music, cha-cha-cha and modern jazz. Now that his salary has climbed from the \$7,500 major league minimum to \$10,000 in midseason of '58 (a voluntary gesture on the part of the Giants) to more than \$15,000 in '59 and in '60 to almost \$30,000, Orlando has bought a new Pontiac Bonneville hardtop and moved into a fashionable apartment on Pacheco Street, out near Golden Gate Park. Although he

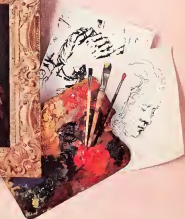
considers Willie Mays, who mothers him to a certain extent and calls him "Chico," and Willie Kirkland and Willie McCovey his friends, like most ballplayers from the Latin American countries he does not look upon any of the American Negroes as his real "buddies." This accolade is reserved for other Puerto Ricans like José Pagan and Bahamans and Venezuelans like Andre Rodgers and Ramon Moezant. Much of the time he does not run around with other ballplayers at all, for San Francisco is now full of both Puerto Ricans and Americans who want to be the famous young slugger's friends.

Despite his father's early death, Orlando has had good financial advice. Such men as Guigo Otero, a former basketball star and now a highly respected lawyer in Santurce, and Rafael Pont-Flores, a big, jolly man who is known as the Grantland Rice of Puerto Rico, have looked after him well. "He was ready to sign for anything this year," says Otero, "but I suggested he hold out awhile for \$30,000."

"Why not?" says Pont-Flores. "Stoneham is making a lot of money and some of it should go to Cepeda. The Giants are not going to win a pennant without Peruchin." **END**

ORLANDO'S FIANCEE IS PRETTY PUERTO RICAN TEEN-AGER, ANNIE PINO





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*Jayson*

WHEN France won the World Bridge Olympiad at Turin the other day (SI, May 16), it was a little difficult to make out from reports in the European press whether the main reaction was the elation of the victors or the recriminations among the losers. The papers gleefully stressed the poor showing of the Americans, who hadn't won a world championship for five years and obviously weren't going to win this time. And at one point, said *The New York Times* austere, "Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Rubin moved toward each other with fists clenched, but were restrained under threat of suspension from the tournament." Most of the winners and losers of the teams of 25 nations then ran off for Juan-les-Pins, 140 miles away, for the annual Riviera tournament, and it was certain that the recriminations, complaints and insults would presently be flowering in the soft Mediterranean spring.

To those who are privy to the inner circles of big-time bridge, none of this should be surprising. Bridge experts are a weird and motley group whose jealousies and bickerings would do justice to a school for adolescent girls. They shout and rave and climb the table. They malign each other's personalities and deprecate each other's playing ability. When they win it is because of their skill; when they lose it is because of their partner. They are egotistical and supersensitive, noisy and moody, flamboyant and withdrawn and dozens of other mutually contradictory couplets. But there is one thing they are not—and this applies to every champion bridge player from Whitehead to Goren. They are not dull. However useless their card-table talents may seem to the outer world, bridge experts as a class are brilliant men. But their supercharged intellectual capacity makes for strange doings away from the table.

They make a game and a competition of everything. They are fascinated by puzzles and have weekly bets on who can do the *Salisbury Review's* Double-Croquet the fastest. One bridge expert will go up to another and say, "A friend of yours died Tuesday. He had blond hair, and you

*continued*

Bridge experts may be moody, jealous, egocentric and (when they lose) quarrelsome, but nobody has called them dull. In this chapter from his lively book (to be published this week by Holt, Rinehart and Winston \$3.95), Jack Olsen takes you into the mixed brilliance and nonsense which make up

## THE MAD WORLD OF BRIDGE

by JACK OLSEN



OSWALD JACOBY, here shown in rare mood of controlled intensity as he enthralled kibitzer with bid, is famous even among high-strung bridge masters for his restlessness.

played against him in 1937. Now, who was it?" Or on the phone: "I hear you're sick. Now tell me, who told me you were sick and who told the person who told me?" Once B. Jay Becker announced at a party: "Look at this envelope. It has an airmail stamp on it, yet it's postmarked New York and addressed to me in New York. Why?" Oswald Jacoby once asked a group of friends, "Who did I play bridge with this morning?"

Quipped a bridge player's wife, weary of the whole unending puzzle contest, "Eisenhower."

"You're right," the amazed Jacoby exclaimed, "but how did you get it?"

Nothing is too unimportant to be made into a contest. Once Charles Goren, Harry Fishbein and a group of other champions were post-mortem-ing a match while waiting for a train. "Fishbein had a long string of runners-ups," Goren recalls. "He had finished second in a great number of tournaments and so had I, and I had a feeling that I had won more second places than anyone else. It was a moot point. We were in Syracuse, and Fishbein had placed second again, in a tournament held in a hotel, and we were at the railroad station going back to New York. Fishbein said, 'Boy, there's one record I have here at this tournament. I walked away with more pieces of soap than anybody else. I have four pieces of soap!' And in an instant I put my hand in my pocket and I pulled out five pieces of soap, and I said, 'Second again, Fishbein!'"

It is dangerous to tamper with every bridge expert's idealized image of himself as the best at everything. Conceit appears to be a necessary attribute of the expert. Says George Heath of Dallas, "Ask any really good bridge player who the best player in the world is, and he says, 'I am, of course.'"

The undisputed world champion of such bluntness is Tobias Stone, who, if he were not a fiendishly clever player, would have been asked to wash his mouth out with soap years ago. Stone is fond of bons mots like, "I've seen worse play, partner, but I can't remember when." His steady partner is his beautiful wife Janice, who holds the record for the most master points earned in one year by a woman. Mrs. Stone has learned to fight back at her

irascible and brilliant husband. In one tournament, after Stone called his wife a dozen kinds of moron, she picked up two metal duplicate boards to throw at him, but held her fire when another player screamed, "My God, Stoney, don't duck! I'm right behind you!"

Other experts take out their ire on kibitzers. Once Helen Sobel wearied of a female kibitzer who was all but sitting in Partner Goren's lap. When the woman asked Sobel, in the middle of a hand, "How does it feel to play with an expert?" the best female player in bridge pointed to Goren and said: "I don't know. Ask him."

#### AN EQUANIL AND TWO DEXIES

Equally individual are the experts' playing styles. Some, like B. Jay Becker, never move a muscle. "Mr. Becker plays like a wooden Indian," says Oswald Jacoby, adding: "A very intelligent wooden Indian." George Rapee is fond of stimulants, and proclaims: "An Equanil, two Dexies, and I'm ready to swing. Deal the cards. I can play all night." Goren seems determined to show every other player the entire contents of his hand, practically laying it on the table in front of him. John Crawford is fond of violently irregular play, just to throw the opponents off stride. Howard Schenken appears to be exactly the opposite, but this can be deceptive. The difference, according to Lee Hazen, is that Schenken "is always doing something irregular without appearing irregular. Johnny Crawford is irregular, but you know it. If you were walking down Fifth Avenue someday and saw Schenken and Crawford coming along walking on their hands, you'd say to Johnny, 'What are you doing walking on your hands?' But you wouldn't even notice Schenken. On him it would look good."

Oswald Jacoby's play is business. He is forever jumping up from the table to answer the phone, talk to a friend, consolidate a business deal or go to the bathroom. George S. Kaufman once wrote:

"It is estimated by experts that Oswald Jacoby is away from the table 73.6 per cent of the playing time of any given rubber. Even the experts have been accustomed to waiting this time—as a rule they simply sit at the table and say, 'Where is that damn?' The time, however, can

be used in playing other games, reading the papers, going to the theater, making trips out of town, etc. In one case, during one of Mr. Jacoby's most extended absences, one of the women at the table had a baby. Under the rules, of course, the cards had to be dealt over again."

Repeated Jacoby: "If only he had written on what to do when Jacoby is at the table?"

At the table, the experts have an endless variety of wild mannerisms. Schenken revolves his head to loosen an imaginary crick. Stone adjusts his glasses and his tie, a mannerism which Rapee unconsciously imitated so often that he fell into the habit himself. Helen Sobel is a wiggler. Harry Fishbein shows up at every tournament in a beret, and once took 29 different berets to Los Angeles for a tournament. He changes to a different color when his luck soured.

Jacoby likes to gorge himself between hands, and once won a bet that he could eat \$5 worth of food at the automat in a single sitting. After winning the bet he ordered a piece of apple pie. He also likes to showboat but, unlike many duffers, he has the intellectual qualifications to bring his act off. Playing against the vice-president of the University of Notre Dame, Father Edmund Joyce, Jacoby picked up his hand, glanced at it and stuffed it into his pocket without arranging the cards. When each of his turns came, he dipped into the pocket and pulled out the right card.

Once a rival expert decided to test Jacoby's mettle, and evolved a ridiculous system under which he would discard one way on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and another way on the other days. After playing with him a few times, Jacoby said: "You'll have to give up your system on discards. I figure you drop the high card on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and the low the rest of the time." If Jacoby had rattled off every thought in his rival's head, described the color of the man's underwear and announced what time he arose that morning, no one would have been surprised. After all, Jacoby is a bridge expert.

Another bridge expert once said: "Play every hand as part of a lifetime bridge career. The result is more slams, less sets and a fine average record." The author of those lines is

*continued*



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a man who has played bridge in battlefield command posts and who uses the game as a relaxant from the extraordinary tensions of statesmanship. He is, in a word, a bridge nut, and his name is Dwight David Eisenhower. Almost every Saturday afternoon at 5, the game begins in the White House solarium. Like all bridge nuts, the President is loth to quit for dinner, settles instead for a snack and then resumes the contest in his second-floor study. Ely Culbertson

best bridge-club players excepting the pros, and that he would be a senior master if he played tournament bridge.

Like all good players, Eisenhower has his idiosyncrasies, too. He maintains an imperturbable calm when looking over his cards and bidding. But when his time comes to make a key play he is not much different from the "not-through-the-iron-duck" players of the old school. An opponent describes Ike's mannerism: "The card rises vertically in the President's hand, then describes a 90-

Lloyd and French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville. After five evenings of bridge Lloyd paid his losses to Herter: one Swiss franc and 50 centimes, or about 35 cents.

Maxim Litvinoff found himself playing bridge on June 22, 1941, and had just bid a small slam in clubs, doubled, when there was a shouting in the streets. Litvinoff opened the window and learned that the Nazis had invaded Russia. He abandoned the hand and went straight to his office. In later years, when Litvinoff told the story to Ely Culbertson, the



HOWARD SCHENKEN IS STUDIOUSLY WILD



HELEN SOBEL IS AN ACID ANTI-KIBITZER



JOHN CRAWFORD IS ARTFULLY ANNOYING

once described the President's game: "You can always judge a man's character by the way he plays cards. Eisenhower is a calm and collected player and never whines at his losses. He is brilliant in victory but never commits the bridge player's worst crime of gloating when he wins. He believes in systems, which he calls 'canned strategy.' He is not of the class of perpetual bridge losers who proclaim their only system is not to have any system." Culbertson carefully avoided mentioning that Ike uses the Goren system.

Jacoby has said of the Eisenhower game: "The President plays better bridge than he does golf. He tries to break 90 at golf; at bridge you would say he plays in the 70s." Ike's play, Jacoby explained, is not wooden; "he thinks about what he does and what he does is done with good reason." Albert Moehehad estimates that Eisenhower would be on a par with the

degree are. It hits the table with a thump, upsetting ashtrays and opponents."

Most experts rank Ike just behind General Al Gruenther in skill, and this is high praise. Charles Goren calls Alfred Maximilian Gruenther "the best of the nonprofessionals," and the reader may remember that Gruenther, while a young instructor at West Point, was adjudged good enough to referee the Bridge Battle of the Century (SI, Dec. 20, 1954) and other big matches.

Ever since bridge first appeared, it has served as a popular off-duty pastime for world leaders. U.S. Secretary of State Christian Herter played not once but several evenings at a recent Geneva conference. Herter and his partner, Livingston T. Merchant, now undersecretary of state for political affairs, bid and made a small slam in diamonds, playing against British Foreign Secretary Selwyn

American champion told him: "If you could resist the temptation to play a small slam, doubled, then you're not a bridge player."

The lure of bridge crosses all lines of endeavor. The Polish diplomat and pianist, Ignace Paderewski, had a fierce case of bridge fever. Once an interviewer interrupted a Paderewski bridge game to ask the great man if he had any message for his American friends.

"Yes," said Paderewski. "Tell them that I made a small slam, doubled. That will please them."

The late Chief Justice Fred Vinson of the U.S. Supreme Court was a bridge nut, and once made a vulnerable grand slam with Goren as his partner. "The key suit was hearts," Goren remembers, "and I decided I would test his memory. He had the queen, the 8, 5 and 6. I asked him an hour after the game what his heart holding had been, and he said, 'Queen, 8, 6, 5.

It is indelibly inscribed in my memory," he said."

Another time, Goren found himself in a hot game with members of the Brooklyn Dodgers. "We played on top of a trunk in the players' dressing room—the baseballman's accustomed card table," Goren wrote later. "In the course of three rubbers manager Walt Alston kept shuffling his lineup. I played with and against Pee Wee Reese, Gil Hodges, Gino Camoli, Ed Roebuck, the manager himself and coach Billy Herman. Duke Snider, Charlie Neal, Don Zimmer, Jake Pit-



GEORGE RAFT IS ASTUTE ALL-NIGHTER

ler and perhaps half a dozen other knowledgeable kibitzers left no doubt that bridge is this team's favorite card game."

Nor were the Dodgers any slouches, Goren learned to his dismay. On one hand he laid out a brilliant plan of strategy, only to have Billy Herman break it up with what Goren described as "a beautiful fallaway."

Goren has played with more celebrities than any other bridge champion, partially because he is the king and partially because he takes a childlike and refreshing pleasure in hobnobbing with names. Here is his run-down on some of his partners.

Somerwet Maugham: "Well, Willie Maugham is near the top of my hit parade. I must say he's as good an octogenarian player as you would want to meet. But I like him so well that he appears to be playing better than he actually is."

*continued*

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BRIDGE EXPERTS continued

Ally Khan: "He plays a wild game. You wouldn't call it accurate, but he's very resourceful and he plays a deceptive game, a very aggressive game. He gets into trouble and he stays there more often than he gets out of it. But it doesn't matter. One stroke of the pen, and we're all even."

Clare Boothe Luce: "She has good card sense. My favorite bridge game of all time would be with Fred Vinson, Willie Maugham and Mrs. Luce."

Humphrey Bogart: "He was very good. I want to tell you he played when he was cockeyed drunk, and he never committed a faux pas the entire night. His head was waving and his speech was a little uncertain, but he never did anything at all for which he had to be sorry."

Bogart belonged to an informal Hollywood bridge-playing cabal which also numbered the Marx brothers and George Burns. Zeppo was the best of the four Marx brothers, but Groucho had a certain low cunning, as when he challenged Ely Culbertson to a match for the world's championship. Culbertson accepted the challenge, but dropped out when he found out that Groucho had hired a hall, invited 300 movie stars and laid out a plan of strategy. Zeppo and Chico were to play, Harpo was to advise and Groucho was to sit on a girder behind Culbertson, wigwagging signals. Groucho was also the inventor of a convention which would have revolutionized the game had it not been rejected by the strait-laced arbiters of bridge. As Groucho explained his convention to a new partner, "If you like my lead don't bother to signal with a high card. Just smile and nod your head."

George Burns tells of an occasion when the Marx brothers decided to win a tournament by using the old "one-under-one" system, in which a spade bid really means a heart, a no-

trump bid means a spade, etc. "Before the evening was through," says Burns, "they were so confused they didn't know what they were doing. They were the first ones eliminated."

Burns is perhaps the best bridge player in Hollywood. Well, if not the best, the funniest. Burns's bridgeable techniques have often carried him close to fisticuffs. "Once," he recalls, "I'm playing bridge with George Raft and Mack Gordon—you know, the guy who wrote *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*

I have a spade void and eight hearts in my hand. I've got a hundred honors. All I'm missing is the ace, but the rest of my hand is nothing. Mack—my partner—opened with a spade. Raft passed. I bid four hearts. Mack put down his cards and stared out the window. 'Four spades!' he yelled—really yelled—out the window."

"I said I didn't know we were playing with somebody across the street, but I yelled out the window 'Five hearts!' Mack sucked in his breath."

"'Five spades!' he yells out the window. We kept on going, and finally he yells, 'Seven spades!'"

"I looked at him. 'I've got as much money as you have,' I said. 'Seven no trump.'"

"Mack gets up. 'I think we can straighten this out down in the street,' he says."

"'O.K.," I said. I looked at George Raft. 'I never had a fist fight in my life,' I says. 'But I think I can beat this guy. I'm gonna hit him in no place but the stomach.'"

"We are walking down the stairs to the street, first George Raft, then me following him, and then Mack following me. Halfway down the stairs I stopped and said to George, 'You know, George, one of the greatest songs I ever heard is, *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*'"

"Mack thinks for a moment, and then he says, 'Let's go up and finish the game.'"

END



TOBIAS STONE fights with everybody, but his wife Janice fights back.

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# 'WHO ARE YOU, MON?'

He is Christopher J. Dunphy, the man who spices the golf of the rich and famous

by ALFRED WRIGHT



THE ENIGMATIC DUNPHY SMILE IS A WARNING TO GOLF PLAYERS EVERYWHERE

I'LL NEVER FORGET," the white-haired man was saying to Bing Crosby, "the time we were playing with the Duke at Saint-Cloud, and he kept worrying about Texas."

The speaker was Christopher J. Dunphy, a man who has been brightening the atmosphere and the conversation and the wagering at the more select American and European golf courses for nearly 40 years. At the moment, Dunphy was seated in the spacious locker room of the Seminole Golf Club, a few miles north of Palm Beach, Fla., with his good friend Crosby. They were recalling some of their mutual experiences with one of their close friends, the Duke of Windsor.

"The Duke doesn't like to bet much," Dunphy explained to a third party, "and it's a good idea to keep him down to about a \$2 Nassau or he might get excited. On this day the Duke and I were playing Bing and Ray Graham, and Bing and I had a pretty good bundle riding on the match. Every hole or two either Bing or I would yell 'Texas' to the other one. Finally, the Duke said to me, 'I say, Chris, why is it that you and Bing are always talking about Tex-

as?' I told the Duke to never mind, I'd explain later.

"After the game I told the Duke, 'Well, sir, now I'll explain about Texas. Every time Bing or I said Texas, that meant we were doubling the bets.' The Duke thought about this for a minute, and then he said, 'I say, Chris, I'm glad you didn't tell me about it at the time.' That Duke, he's really a cute little guy."

"Uh huh," Crosby agreed, "but you've got to watch him on a golf course. He always hits his second ball first, and there you are walking down the fairway thinking he's already hit and—whish—his other shot comes flying past your head."

As the Duke and Crosby and a number of favored people know, one of the rare privileges in the world of upper-crust golf is to pal around with Chris Dunphy, whether on the course or in the locker or drawing room, and to take part in the wagering and mock-serious invective which surrounds the high-powered wheeling

and dealing wherever he goes. Dunphy's is a world peopled only by the very best golfers—Sam Snead, Ben Hogan or Claude Harmon—or the sporting members of European nobility—Windsor, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Dudley—or leaders of business and finance—Marshall Field Jr., Henry Ford's brother Bill, Paul Shields, George Coleman, the late Robert R. Young—or the spectacular members of international society—Bobby Swenney, Tommy Sheelin, Tommy Talfer, Teddy Bassett, Woolly Donohue, Jock and Naddy McLean, and Jack Kennedy, the presidential hopeful.

Most of these people zero in on Chris Dunphy at Seminole, where he spends nearly every golfable day from early December until late April and where he holds the significant title of Chairman of the Greens Committee. After Seminole closes up for the season, they find him at The Greenbrier in West Virginia, where,

continued

as he will this weekend, he runs one of the country's two or three most glamorous pro-amateur tournaments with the help of Sam Snead, the resident pro. During the summer months Dunphy can usually be found at Newport or on Long Island or playing on the famous courses of England, Scotland and western Europe. By autumn he is back at Palm Beach.

Dunphy is a stocky, dapper fellow of about 5 feet 7 who is obviously in wonderful physical condition. Under his well-groomed, snow-white hair is a handsome face with the patrimony of Ireland conspicuously chiseled on its sunburned contours. A stranger might guess him to be in his early 60s, and the estimate would not be contradicted, but the personnel records at Paramount Pictures, where he headed the publicity and advertising departments 25 years ago, show that he was born in 1889.

The odds are lopsided that wherever one finds Dunphy he will either be playing golf, which he still does consistently in the 70s, or sitting among a group of his famous friends—and talking. Either he will have them all laughing with an anecdote about one of his yesterdays or, like a wild boar standing off a pack of bay-ing hounds, he will be parrying their combined efforts to get the better of him in a bet.

One of Dunphy's infinite supply of stories harks back to his first meeting with Tommy Armour, the famed Scottish golfer, who first arrived in this country in the early '20s when Dunphy's golf was at its peak. Someone set up a match between them at the Apawamis Club in Rye, N.Y., and Armour, who is a canny negotiator in his own right, arrived there with the notion of making a little walking-around money. The name of Dunphy meant nothing to Armour, who gladly gave Dunphy two strokes a side. "When I topped my drive off the first tee," Dunphy recalls, "I could see Tommy's face light up. He figured he had hold of a pretty good thing that afternoon. I had to take out a wood for the long second shot up to the green, but I hit it right alongside the pin, stiff. Armour had a nice drive and a good second to the green and was down in 2 for his par, but when I sank my little putt for a birdie he turned to me and said,

'Who are you, mon, anyway?' I told him, 'Don't worry about who I am, but let me warn you: there are a thousand better than me all over this big country.' " That afternoon Dunphy shot a 71 to Armour's 72, and left the Scotsman wondering if it might not be wise to return to the moors.

Among the inhabitants of Chris Dunphy's world, the two most engrossing subjects in life are money and golf—in that order. A game of golf among his friends must be well spiced with financial incentive. The reason that Dunphy is such a vital element in their way of life, aside from the fact that he is a charmer, is that he knows how to blend the un-

der room begins to fill with the day's golfers, a group conversation builds up around Dunphy. Devoted almost exclusively to such financial matters as who owes how much money to whom and what kind of bets can be arranged to equalize matters, the talk seems, at first, to be on a rather hostile plane. "I can't remember," Dunphy will shout in his husky, high-pitched timbre while pulling an amply stuffed money clip from his pocket, "when I've ever been so thin. And I can't think of a better time than now to get a few accounts straightened out so that we can all start the day without anything troubling us. I happen to have my books in good shape, but



**WATCHING DUNPHY** tote up score, his good friend Sam Snead is a wary, amused and happily skeptical spectator during annual pro-am tournament at The Greenbrier.

certainities of golf with the profit motive.

On an average day, Dunphy will arrive at Seminole about midmorning in his \$13,500 Cadillac Eldorado sedan, and until late afternoon he will preside over the golfing activities like a tyrannical schoolmaster. First he will supervise any problems involving the upkeep of the course itself, which, thanks largely to Dunphy's efforts over the last 15 years, now ranks among the truly testing courses in the world. Having studied under the top agronomists of the South, Dunphy qualifies as a legitimate expert on the care and feeding of grass, with the result that a ball alighting anywhere on Seminole's deep and cushiony fairways sits up like a soap bubble resting on a tuft of cotton. The greens are uniformly smooth, and as slippery as the baize on a billiard table.

Before lunch, as the Seminole lock-

I can't say the same for some of the rest of you. I mean, I can't keep carrying you fellows all year. You understand that, don't you?"

When several repetitions of this same thought are ignored by the rest of the gathering, Dunphy will stuff his money clip brusquely back into his pocket and say, "Well, I can't sit around forever waiting for you deadheads to pay up. Let's have some lunch and maybe we can organize a little go out there on the golf course."

Throughout lunch the talk at Dunphy's table continues in the same abrasive tone, and the odds seem unfairly stacked; all hands aim their obloquy at Dunphy. Here he is, trying to arrange foursomes and handicaps for the afternoon's golf so that everyone can have a game and a bet with his peers, yet Dunphy can seldom pronounce an edict without meeting a barrage of abuse.

Once on the golf course, Dunphy is no longer the threat that he was back in 1952 when he set the amateur course record for Seminole with a 67 (since lowered to 65 by Bobby Sweeney), or in 1932 when he went all the way to the 35th hole before losing to two-time British Amateur Champion Cyril Tolley in the finals of the Newport Invitational. Nevertheless, he still swings as well as nature could possibly allow a man past 70 to do. This is all the more remarkable considering that less than 18 months ago Dunphy had an emergency abdominal operation that put him on the critical list. Four weeks after surgery he showed up at the golf course and started hitting nine-irons. After five weeks he was again playing 18 holes.

To compensate for the minor erosions in his golfing skill, Dunphy always makes sure that he carries an adequate handicap. He currently considers nine or 10 as adequate. "It depends," he says, "on who I'm playing with."

One always expects a slight smile to cross Dunphy's face at moments like this, but it never does; you know it must be there, but you can't see it. When it comes to handicaps, however, those owned by the players in Dunphy's coterie at Seminole are just as whimsical as his own, for by and large a Seminole handicap is whatever Dunphy decrees it to be.

The capricious system by which Dunphy handicaps himself and his friends is just one of the reasons why Dunphy's reputation outside his immediate circle is somewhat tarnished. When he strays from his own playgrounds, golfers who know him only by reputation are inclined to look up the club silverware. You will hear that Dunphy's arsenal of gamesmanship includes such devices as the rattling of coins or the sudden cough when an opponent is about to play a vital shot, and some persnickety golfers will even follow Dunphy into the rough when he has hit a bad shot, just to be on the safe side.

Dunphy's reputation among outsiders stems largely from the many and sometimes fanciful tales that have been built up around him over the past generation or more. Nonetheless, one of the great satisfactions that the rich find in betting with Dunphy is getting the better of him rather than occasionally taking his

*continued*



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### CHRIS DUNPHY continued

money, for it is generally conceded that in the art of gambling Dunphy is a master. Unfortunately for his reputation, he was involved as the auctioneer in the Calcutta scandal at the Deepdale invitational tournament on Long Island in 1935, and such incidents tend to confirm the suspicions of people who don't understand Dunphy's real role in golf as the catalyst for the rich man's fun.

One of the intriguing things about Dunphy is the mystery that surrounds his origins. There are almost as many versions of it as there are people who tell it.

Most stories hold that Dunphy began his extraordinary career as a bellhop or night clerk in hotels around the New England area. All that Dunphy will say is that he started out in the hotel business in his youth and that when he took over the management of the Bretton Woods Hotel in New Hampshire at the age of 26 he was the youngest hotel manager in the country.

It was while he was at Bretton Woods, Dunphy says, that he first met the late Edward B. McLean, publisher of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and *Washington Post*. Dunphy played a lot of golf with the older man, and the latter took such a shine to Dunphy that he hired him and brought him home to Washington.

It was shortly after World War I that Dunphy first went to work for McLean, who gave him a vague but executive title on the *Post*. However, much of Dunphy's time was spent as a recreational companion for McLean, and it was through the famous publisher that he met many of the celebrated politicians and sportsmen of the time. He played an occasional round of golf with Warren G. Harding at the Columbia Country Club in Washington, and even one at Augusta long before a later President put the place on the golfing map.

After he began working for McLean, Dunphy also started making a reputation as one of the better amateur golfers on the East Coast. In 1922 he won the District of Columbia Championship, the President Taft Cup at the Chevy Chase Country Club in Maryland, the Wardman Cup at Columbia and the Lake Worth Championship at Palm Beach. The following year he won amateur titles

in places from Bar Harbor to southern Florida.

Dunphy was married to Rebecca Thomson in 1928. There followed a brief career as a stockbroker on Wall Street before he signed with Paramount Pictures. In 1936 he was sent to Hollywood as head of the studio's West Coast advertising and publicity.

Dunphy's wife, a talented interior decorator from Philadelphia, died during the war and left him with an educated eye for attractive surroundings and a comfortable though not spectacular private income from perhaps half a million. In 1946 Dunphy retired to Palm Beach, where he now lives on a fashionable side street. His house is furnished with the utmost charm and taste, and has lately become one of the regular ports of call for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor during their winter visits to Florida.

### NO HUMPTY DUNPHY

There is a serious side of Dunphy which doesn't square with the legend that has grown up through the years of the canny, querulous golfer with a thousand ways to skin you and a million ways to keep you entertained in the process. No one likes to think of Dunphy as a man who is putting three students through Notre Dame, two of whom he has never met. The Dunphy legend that people prefer is built around stories like the time when, after a round of golf at Seminole, he drove his friends to the Palm Beach airport, where they had parked their private plane. As they boarded the plane, Dunphy reminded them for the umpteenth time about the money they had lost to him on the afternoon's golf. They, as so many of Dunphy's friends like to do, pretended they weren't going to pay him. They closed the door, and the last they saw of Dunphy he was clinging to the tip of the plane's wing and shouting wildly that he wanted his money.

"I mean I was almost airborne," Dunphy said later as he repented the story for the enjoyment of the crowd in the Seminole locker room.

Naturally, Dunphy received his winnings—as when has he ever not?—but it is easy to visualize his frantic indignation at the airport. Nonetheless, as has always been the case with Dunphy since McLean first discovered him in New England nearly 40 years ago, it is difficult to determine just who was kidding whom. **END**

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**SPECTACLE**

*Photographed by Brassai*

# SADDLES AND SILKS



**PARISIAN SHOPPERS** have been ordering leather goods from Hermès since 1837. Here are daughters of Comte Pierre de Chastagnier, Isabelle (left) and Marie.

THE Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré is to many American tourists the most beguiling boulevard in Paris, displaying in an elegant stretch of window from the Place Vendôme to the Madeleine a multitude of reasons for exchanging a traveler's check for an item of French-made luxury. And the most irresistible shop on the Faubourg Saint Honoré is one of the world's finest sporting goods stores—the house of Hermès. Behind its glossy façade—it has the most admired window displays in Europe—it remains at heart what it started out to be 123 years ago, the world's best saddlery. To it come Calumet Farm, Aly Khan and Winston Guest to order their saddles, tack and silks, just as the gentlemen of the Second Empire came to its founder, Thierry Hermès. Now, as then, every article, with the exception of the beautiful Lyons silk scarves (at \$12 the store's least expensive item), is made from start to finish on the premises by 120 artisans who are versatile enough to finish entirely any piece they begin, from the carving of a wooden saddle form to the cutting and sewing of the leather and the engraving of all the mountings.

When, at the turn of the century, the clatter of automobiles began to echo in the Faubourg Saint Honoré more loudly than the beat of horses' hoofs, the Frères Hermès faced the only serious crisis of their history—one that ultimately proved a blessing. As its clientele became a horseless carriage trade, sales of saddles plummeted, but it was then that the sons of Thierry, Adolphe and Emile (the business is now run by a fourth-generation Hermès) began to diversify their stock. Today Hermès luggage is world-famous, as are its gloves, its suede coats, its pipes, its gun cases, golf bags and shooting sticks—all distinguished examples of the saddle maker's art. And Hermès shops are spread around the world—in Cannes and Deauville, Biarritz and Tangier, in the major capitals of western Europe and, in America, at Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field and Neiman-Marcus.

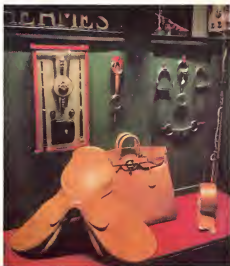
**CORNER WINDOW** at Hermès is most spectacular in Paris. Around locomotive made of rosebuds are leather goods including a handbag (right) designed especially for Princess Grace.





**SILK SCARVES** beautiful enough to frame and leather gloves are bestselling items. Scarves, hand-printed in Lyons, are only merchandise stocked not entirely produced on the premises.

**CUSTOM-MADE SADDLES**, and luggage and handbags crafted by artisan saddlemakers, continue the tradition of elegant leatherwork established by Founder Thierry Hermès in 1837.



**BITS AND STIRRUPS** which were used by Napoleon's marshals, a carriage box that belonged to the Empress Eugénie (bottom shelf) are part of a magnificent collection of antique saddlery collected by generations of the family Hermès and displayed in a museum on the store's fourth floor. *Père de résistance* is tiny embroidered saddle used by son of Napoleon III.







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**GILBEY'S** the best name in **GIN** and **VODKA**

## Pacing has a new queen

The sport's biggest purse went to a game, lithe lass and her dedicated trainer

ON MONDAY of last week, just five days before the fifth Messenger Stake at Roosevelt Raceway, Delvin Miller, owner, breeder, trainer, driver, waiter, porter and upstairs maid of harness racing, stood on the practice tee of a Long Island golf course slapping balls into long and very straight flight.

At 45, Del Miller is short and balding and partial to checked flannel shirts, cigar stubs and racing purses in excess of \$25,000. On first sight he could be mistaken for a square-dance caller at the Grange instead of the completest horseman that he is. (Within the last 10 years, for instance, he has won every major harness race in America and has accounted for nearly \$3 million in purses as a driver and \$10 million as a breeder.)

Each time that Miller hit a good golf shot, a large smile would smear his face and he'd whisper softly to himself, "Youuu boy!" When he had finished poking golf balls he stepped back from the tee and directly into a question. "Del, since the Messenger is the richest harness race ever contested (gross value \$142,786), just how does it shape up in your mind, and how does it feel to know that four of the five possible favorites are either sired by or directly related to your stallion, Adios?"

Del Miller's head rolled slowly from side to side. The name Adios causes his brown eyes to grow misty and his ears to hear the pounding of many distant drums. In 1948 he had bought Adios for \$21,000, and within seven years, through stud fees and yearling sales, Adios had brought Miller more than \$1 million. In 1955 he had sold a two-thirds interest in the prize stallion to Lawrence Sheppard's Hanover Shoe Farm for a then record price of \$500,000, thoughtfully retaining



A JOYFUL MILLER PETS THE COUNTERS

the one-third interest for himself.

"Well," said Miller, "this Messenger field is big and bulky. There will probably be 10 or 11 starters. The biggest problem is going to be getting away from the gate in a good position. The fight to the first turn is going to be important. I believe that the toughest horses in the race will be Major Goose, Merrie Gesture and Muncy Hanover. They are all good pacing colts and seem to be pointing for this race. My filly, Countess Adios, is a real good filly, but to tell the truth I'd like to have gotten another race into her before the Messenger. I'd say I was proud of Adios, mighty proud, but then I always have been."

Major Goose was well qualified to offer firm opposition to Miller's filly. This year he had started six times and had won four. Muncy Hanover is half ice, half iron; tiny yet durable and totally capable of beating any three-year-old pacer in the land. Merrie Gesture had slowly been approaching the top of his form and, if he had really achieved it, was the equal of any horse in the field.

Countess Adios, of course, would

continued

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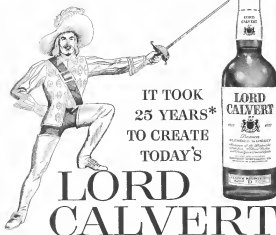
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### Hathaway discovers the India Madras print (very rare)



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also have to be considered among the best of her generation. Last year she won 17 of 28 races and was in the money on six other occasions. This season she won her first start at Roosevelt Raceway and then finished fourth behind Betting Time in a division of the Messenger Trial two weeks ago. In the draw for post position Countess Adios, the only filly among the 10 starters, won post three. C.M. Saunders' Major Goose, the post-time favorite at 2 to 1, drew post nine, right behind post one but in the second tier, and the tiny Muncy Hanover drew number five.

Three days before the race Miller was again talking about Countess Adios and her Messenger potential. "I'm a lucky man," he said, "to have a horse in the Messenger at all. When you consider that more than 1,000 horses were nominated to the race back in 1958, you realize just how heavily the odds are stacked against you. Some people may think that a field of 10 horses is too big for a major race on a half-mile track, but I'd like to say that of all the big races I've ever seen I can't remember seeing a bad horse win a one of them. It will take a good horse to win this Messenger, and there are plenty of good ones in it. I think I have a pretty good chance, probably as good a chance as anyone."

Billy Haughton, who trained the long-shot entry of Devon Goose and Prince Dares for the Messenger, summed the race up perfectly just after Miller had finished speaking. "My horses," said Haughton, "are kind of nice horses, but I don't believe they have too much class. Devon Goose leaves the gate pretty good, but he's liable to get hung up on the outside. Major Goose has way the best post position, but he may never get away from the fence. I've thought this thing over, and Delvin's filly might just be able to handle these colts. She's tough, and you know that if Delvin didn't think he had a real good chance to win, he wouldn't put her in against the colts. You must remember," continued Haughton, "that a good filly can beat good colts, but she's got to be a real good filly." (Haughton had won the first Messenger in 1956 with a fine filly named Belle Acton.)

*continued*



**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Driver-of-the-Year, George Constantine, holds the lead in his Asta-Martin. He also holds Driver-of-the-Year awards from *The New York Times* and the Sports Car Club of America. His American Optical True Color lenses protect his eyes from sun and glare in grueling sports car races.

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On Saturday night, before the race, Del Miller stood by his locker in the drivers' room and waggled into his gold and brown silks. He walked slowly to the paddock and examined his horse. "She's as ready as she'll ever be," he said slowly. As he went onto the track the loudspeaker was pumping out *Camphorn Races*. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the velvety voice of an announcer with the unbelievable name of John Frogge. "The Messenger! The supreme test for 8-year-old pacers."

At the start Burwell Hanover got off to a momentary lead, but Muncy Hanover drove up on the outside and took the front at the quarter, with Countess Adios fourth and on the outside. Miller kept trying to circle horses and take the lead and, finally, after a half in 1:50 3/5, Countess Adios did it.

#### SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

At the three-quarter pole, Major Goose, just as Haughton had guessed, was still locked in tight against the fence. Miller gathered his reins in his left hand and gave the Countess two or three slaps with his whip. She responded instantly. As the horses hit the paddock turn, Miller gave her a breather, but at the head of the stretch, with Major Goose starting to get free, Miller shook Countess Adios up once again. The Countess was driving and tired, but she hung on as if she were representing all the world's fillies against this field of colts. She had enough left to win by a length and a quarter, and as Del Miller got a few feet from the finish line, his mouth opened and he shouted, "Youuu boy!"

When he came back to the paddock and dismounted, he shouted, "Youuu boy!" once more, this time to the groans. "Countess Adios is a rugged filly but not a big one," Miller said. "It took quite a bit out of her to circle horses, but she's as game as they come." Miller went back to the drivers' room once again, receiving congratulations as he went. He picked up the stub of an old cigar, sat on a bench with his driving jacket unbuttoned and his cap off. He looked around the quiet room, then jumped to his feet, clenched his fists, raised them high overhead and gave one last "Youuu boy!"

END

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**FOOTBALL** / *Alfred Wright*

*If there's time  
there's hope*

**So Michigan State Varsity learned in its annual game with the alumni as spring training ended with a thrilling flourish**



**EXHAUSTED VETERANS**

THE leaves on the trees were just breaking out green and crisp in central Michigan last Saturday. The mowers were cruising across the broad lawns of the Michigan State campus, and the sun was taking the chill out of the air. Over there you could see several dozen young archers ping-pong their arrows into the red, white and black targets. Nearby, a golfer was hitting practice shots across a soccer field. Up the broad walk, the baseball team was starting a double-header against Indiana, and farther along, the track team was in earnest engagement with Notre Dame. Dozens of tennis courts were swarming with leaping undergraduates, and spring was everywhere. But wait. In the midst of all this springtime play, a lot of people looking surprisingly like football fans were converging on the portals of Spartan Stadium, although a large green sign at the western entrance proclaimed that the first home game of 1960—with Michigan—was still nearly five months away.

This was no mirage. Inside Spartan Stadium an honest-to-God football game was about to begin, and by kickoff time 10,561 honest-to-God cash customers had strewn themselves loosely throughout an area which will seat 76,000, come Oct. 1 and Michigan. They had assembled to watch the traditional wind-up of State's

month-long spring practice, a full-dress contest between the next fall's squad and the best of the younger alumni, labeled the Oldtimers.

The game may well have been the most thrilling that anyone is likely to see in Spartan Stadium all year. Coach Duffy Daugherty's Varsity, playing at times as sharply as if it were already November, broke into an early 7-0 lead in the first quarter against a somewhat ragged alumni defense. The older men had been assembling rather haphazardly right up to the morning of the game, and Coach Steve Sebo, a fellow alumnus who had taken time out from his duties as general manager of New York's embryonic professional Titans to organize the Oldtimers, had had only a couple of hours to show his men their assignments. Yet 20 of them, including Walt Kowalczyk of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Dorne Dibble and Sam Williams of the Detroit Lions, were full-fledged pros, past or present. Once Coach Sebo's veterans got used to one another, Coach Daugherty's undergraduates had their hands full.

Still, the score stayed 7-0 until a frenetic and wonderful fourth quarter that started with an Oldtimers'





IN WHITE REACH FOR SUSTENANCE WHILE THE VARSITY WAITS FOR THEM TO RELIVE

touchdown, cutting the lead to 7-6. With only 37 seconds to go, the Oldtimers scored again as Quarterbacks Tom Yewic and Al Dorow, lately of the Washington Redskins, threw desperately to Chandaos and others. But the Varsity wasn't quitting. On the second play after the next kickoff, Quarterback Tom Wilson completed a pass to Halfback Jim Eaton on the varsity 30-yard line. In came substitute Quarterback LeRoy Loudermilk, and he called a play known as "slot right, right end post," which Coach Daugherty had taught his men the previous Thursday. So Right End Wayne Pontes ran hard and deep, and Quarterback Loudermilk let the ball sail. Pontes gathered it in on the dead run well past mid-field, outpied the only defender anywhere near him and crossed the goal line with just one second left in the game. Final score: Varsity 14, Oldtimers 12.

#### STODGE FOR A STODGE

A rouser like that is a seldom sort of thing, but even without it the Oldtimers' game brings a rare kind of relaxed fun to the deadly serious business of intercollegiate football, and it is developing into a rather joyous and relaxed reunion for the outsized alumni who are still tough and agile enough to take part. When, for instance, did you ever see a suited-up

player on a college gridiron smoke a cigar? Bill Quinlan, '53, the enormous defensive end who was with the Cleveland Browns before he was traded to Green Bay, does that during the Oldtimers game, and he gets a friend to hold the cigar for him when he goes into play.

Despite the fun and frolic that surrounds such as Quinlan and the other less inhibited Oldtimers, the purpose of their visit is serious. Football, at best, can be a long and tedious drudge, particularly in the spring with no Saturday glory to anticipate. Yet, as the Ivy League has so convincingly demonstrated in the last few years, it is patently impossible to play top-flight intercollegiate football without those 20 days of springtime drills, which, intelligently, are permitted by the NCAA code. It is then and only then that the coaches have time to teach the fundamental chores of football such as blocking and tackling without risking injury to the players on the eve of important games.

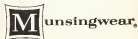
It is only in the spring that the coaches have time to observe and promote the player who may have arrived at college without a thick portfolio of high school clippings. It is as inconceivable to imagine that a college team can play anywhere close to its potential without spring practice

*continued*

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WON THE  
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4. *Mass. General's successful trial* was without incident.

**FOOTBALL** continued

as it is to argue that the Yale crew could have won the 1956 Olympic gold medal if it had been forbidden to practice until a month before the race.

As Daugherty sent his squad against Coach Seho's Oldtimers last Saturday, there were quite a few unanswered questions in his mind about his 75 candidates for the varsity. By and large, it was a young squad with only six of next year's seniors among the first two starting lineups that Daugherty always employs. Last year's performances proved to him that he had two superlative halfbacks in Herb Adderley and Gary Ballman and an able though smaller fullback in Carl Chason. And the team was deep in replacements at these positions. There were at least five crackerjack ends including the brilliant pass receiver, Pontes, who isn't even listed on the first two teams. But quarterback could be a problem, and so could the middle of the line, where Daugherty will have to rely heavily on sophomores and juniors this fall.

## UNDERPAID BACKS

It was a smiling, almost gleeful Duffy Daugherty who recontemplated these problems a few hours after the end of the game. Wilson and Loudermilk, the quarterbacks who carried most of the burden, were not in the least awed by the consistently violent charge of the alumni line—a line that averaged 250 pounds per man. Wilson completed eight out of 10 passes and Loudermilk two out of three for a total yardage between them of 21. And State's big young linemen, most of whom go well over 200 pounds, were now and then opening impressive holes for Halfbacks Addeley, Hudas and Eaton and Fullback Ron Hatcher.

"But the main thing they all really learned out there," Daugherty said, without trying to hide his joy, "was that hope is never gone in a game so long as the clock is running."

"You know," he went on, "someone asked me if we really planned it that way—to end up the game with that 76-yard touchdown pass. I told them no, that Fontes was a second faster than we figured. Otherwise, we never would have had to kick off again and risk their running it back for a touchdown."

Big Ten, please note.

REVIEW



Above: Jantzen International Sports Club expedition to Jamaica. Bob Cousy (just behind Art Funder, in bow), Warren Miller, Frank Gifford.

Left: Bob Cousy, Boston Celtics basketball star and charter member of the Jantzen International Sports Club, at the Aramb hotel, Tom Kelley photos.



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**EARLY TIMES**

# The money horse

**In the Preakness, Bally Ache will try to justify the huge sum paid for him**

EVER SINCE the morning of October 25, 1879, when its doors first opened to admit Maryland horsemen and their elegant ladies, Pimlico's clubhouse has rung with lively debate over the buying and selling of Thoroughbreds. Of all the deals consummated in the Victorian rooms of the old structure, however, the most spectacular was the one signed there last Saturday, when Bally Ache changed hands for the staggering price of \$1,250,000.

The announcement, coming just a week before the 84th running of the Preakness—in which he will attempt to reverse his Derby loss to Venetian Way—apparently had little effect on Bally Ache himself.

After being duly photographed with his old owner, Leonard Fruchtmann, and his new one, Joseph L. Arnold, the beautiful bay colt easily won the Preakness Prep by four lengths for the 12th victory of his career, and increased his total earnings to \$543,527.

The sale, naturally, caused more comment than the race, and well it might, in view of the fact that only Nashua has brought a higher amount: \$1,251,200, paid by the Leslie Combs syndicate to the estate of the late William Woodward Jr. in 1955.

Fruchtmann stated reasons for selling Bally Ache are valid enough. "Having a horse like this simply takes too much

time," he said. "I've got to get back to my business [president of Peters Stamping Co., Toledo] and my family." But what Fruchtmann didn't have to add was that he could hardly have gotten a better price than that offered by Arnold.

## SYNDICATE INCLUDES DU PONT

A 46-year-old Lexington, Ky. attorney and land developer who lives with his wife and four children on a 36-acre farm in nearby Versailles, Joe Arnold has been in the horse business long enough to appreciate one vital fact: if you want to buy a ready-made horse these days you have to pay an astronomical price. Arnold started organizing a syndicate last winter. With the help of his good friend and neighbor, Bob Alexander, and the probable support of several members of the Du Pont family, he approached Fruchtmann. Even before the Kentucky Derby, Fruchtmann had decided to sell his horse and, if Bally Ache had beaten Venetian Way at Churchill Downs, it is more than likely that the price would have gone to an even million and a half.

After any sale of this magnitude, there is always a good deal of speculation (not the least of which originates in the Internal Revenue Service) about how such matters work. They can be highly complex. First, Bally Ache's total earnings of \$543,527 are not shown as net profit. The expense of caring for him over the last two years totals about \$20,000; winning percentages to Trainer Jimmy Pitt and the jockeys, along with

continued



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### HORSE RACING *continued*

gratuities to stable help, would take out another \$115,000. If Bally Ache were heavily insured (say for \$500,000) premiums would total about \$20,000. After these deductions, Fruchtmann would pay tax on the remaining income.

### FULL PAYMENT DELAYED

In his deal with Arnold it is likely that Fruchtmann retained a 15% interest in the colt (for future breeding purposes) and did not receive immediate cash payment of \$1,250,000. Instead, the Arnold syndicate probably paid out a certain sum in cash, say \$500,000, and will pay the balance out of Bally Ache's future earnings. Fruchtmann, meanwhile, would pay the capital gains tax on the full purchase price, and everything coming to him afterward would be gravy. The new owners could set up a depreciation schedule of \$625,000 a year (half the purchase price), based on Bally Ache's career as a race horse rather than his highly questionable potential as a stallion. Unless Bally Ache was good enough to win more than that sum in purse money this year and next, the Arnold syndicate would have a legitimate paper loss to hand over to any inquisitive inspector from the tax bureau. It's both clever and legal.

For Bally Ache, however, the immediate problem is winning this week's \$150,000-added Preakness. In his path there is only one obstacle: a long-barreled 1,000-pound chestnut named Venetian Way. Bally Ache has the advantage of having run—and won—on the Pimlico strip. As a front runner he won't in the least mind the tight turns which make it tougher to catch him; and the shorter distance (shorter than the Derby by one-sixteenth of a mile) should benefit him more than Venetian Way. Jockey Bobby Ussery said after last week's Preakness Prep, "When we were beaten in the Derby it didn't convince me. But if Venetian Way can do it again he's better than I think he is."

Venetian Way's trainer, Vic Savinelli, had a broad smile on his face as he watched Bally Ache's easy Prep win. "I don't know if I've got Bally Ache's number," he said slowly, "but I do think I've got a better race horse."

END

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## Colonial omen

If tradition holds, Julius  
Boros, winner at Texas,  
is a good bet for the Open



WINNER BOROS RECOVERS WITH WEDGE

IN the Colonial National Invitation at Fort Worth something happened which should encourage every pro on the circuit. Arnold Palmer lost his third tournament in a row.

He was defeated by 29 other pros and Julius Boros, the big, slow-moving former Open champion who sank a 20-foot birdie putt on the 11st hole to take first place with a 280. It was Boros' first tournament victory of the season, and one which may turn out to be significant. In eight of the last 12 years, the winner of the U.S. Open has been among the top five at Fort Worth. Colonial Country Club is Ben Hogan's home course, and Hogan has accounted for four of the Open victories. But Lloyd Mangrum, Ed Furgol, Dick Mayer and Tommy Bolt have helped the tradition.

Colonial itself was once a U.S. Open course, and it may be this that makes the demanding 7,041-yard course such a good test. As Boros pointed out, "It is just like the Open. You have to position your tee shots and there are undulating greens."

As for Palmer, he began his losing streak when he was defeated by tall Bill Collins in a playoff for the Houston Open. He fell to a fifth place tie the next week in the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas. At Colonial, Palmer dropped even lower, tying for 22d and winning only \$243.33.

If Palmer's performance was disappointing to the masses who followed him, he was not particularly disturbed. "I was tired and I was trying

out a new set of irons," he explained. "The constant pressure of contention seemed to catch up with me." Nor did Palmer see anything strange in his changing irons, although this was his third switch this year. "I hook the middle irons," he said. "So I switch clubs more than anybody. I'm constantly trying to correct my swing."

There is no question that the Colonial course requires deep thinking and expert play, and last week there was plenty of both. At the ninth in the first round, Gene Littler, who tied for second with the 40-year-old Australian, Kelvin Nagle, had a 100-yard holeout for an eagle duce, Mike Souchak, playing in the threesome directly ahead, had made almost precisely the same shot. Only Hogan among the leaders was unhappy with his game. As in the Masters earlier, he hit more greens than the winner and even managed more birdies, but he had more putts. A closing 69 (though he three-putted the final green) soothed him somewhat.

More soothed, of course, was Boros, who won \$5,000 and has seldom looked better in winning. A late starter who has never won a tournament before May, Boros has been creeping up on the leaders with a second in the Crosby, a fifth in the Masters and a third at Las Vegas. He is a good hot-weather player who would like nothing better than to preserve a tradition—a tradition, incidentally, that Arnold Palmer would just as soon forget.

END





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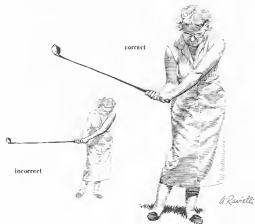
### Maximum speed at impact

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Don't get ahead of yourself on the way down by throwing the club-head away from the body, straightening out the wrists and the right arm. This is hitting too soon. Correctly, the hands should pull the club-head to the ball. If you pull, the hands lead, and this keeps the wrists cocked and the right elbow folded up. It also preserves the greatest angle possible between the extended left arm and the club. On your pull, use all your strength, even your back muscles. The more pull, the more speed at impact and the more distance.

The transfer of the weight to the left foot and the unwinding of the body are tied in with the pull of the hands. Practice both at the same time. You can feel the resulting centrifugal force which hits or propels the ball. When you are playing, just swing and time this hit. You will be pulling to create maximum clubhead speed at the split second you make contact with the ball.



## QUINSIGAMOND MIRACLE

continued from page 15

snapped. But had Harvard been playing it cozy to conserve energy for the finals? Most observers thought not, but a nagging shadow of a doubt remained through the afternoon as the overcast lifted and the breeze piped up and Harvard made a sweep of the lightweight finals (extending the lightweight varsity skoin to 26). Navy won the heavyweight freshman race and Cornell the one for heavyweight jayvees.

### CORNELL ALL THE WAY

Finally, the big race. When the shells were still specks in the distance a man with a stop watch yelled, "Navy's rowing 37, but I don't believe it." He checked again. "I get 'em at 36 this time, and now I believe it." Harvard was coming on smoothly at 30-31, Cornell about the same.

Cornell, as it developed later, had jumped off to a magnificent start, with Navy second and Harvard third. The Big Red held the lead all the way. Streaking over the fast 200 yards, Cornell had a full length and a comfortable stretch of open water over the Harvard and Navy shells, which were prow and prow. Harvard's closing spurt saved second place by a foot or two, but Cornell was long gone, winning in 6:33.5. Harvard was clocked at 6:38.4, Navy 6:38.9.

Stork Sanford, a tall, gaunt, bespectacled man with the weathered look of a Grant Wood farmer, congratulated his men with a grin and a backslap. "We were only up to 32 at the finish," he said. "You normally expect to have to sprint more, but I can't complain. I don't think this crew is good enough yet for a tough sprint. We're going to have to learn how to sprint and that's for sure."

Soon Sanford was engulfed by a tide of handshakers. When the crowd thinned a bit he went on:

"We had our first race of the season last week [losing to Navy]. When we got back I took two time trials over 2,000 meters. The junior varsity won both trials by something like three lengths."

Hence the new Cornell varsity and thus a most spectacular rowing victory. As Sanford moved off, a voice called out, "Better start studying Italian." The voice belonged to Tip Goes, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Rowing Committee.

END



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# THE WILL AND THE WAY

What are the secrets of Australia's surge to sporting greatness? In the last of two parts, the author finds his answer—and some other revelations

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



ON A SUNDAY IN SYDNEY, SPORTS-LAR ENTHUSIASTS

ONE OF the first facts anyone learns about Australia is that it is a large place with few people. The more you get to know about that remote continent the more you appreciate that there is no other fact—except possibly its very isolation—quite as significant as this odd disparity of 10 millions occupying a land about the size of the United States. There is plenty of room, about 3.5 people to the square mile; in Europe there are 327. Since just about every aspect of life in Australia seems to be reflected in its sports, which it pursues with an almost vehement enthusiasm, it should come as no surprise to discover that Australian-rules football, the one new game the country has invented, is played on an oval field roughly 200 yards long by 150 yards wide, about twice the size of an American football gridiron. A cross between Gaelic football and Rugby, with some overtones of basketball—the 18 players on a side are pitted in man-to-man duels—Australian-

rules is a wide-open game which features rugged tackling (below the neck and above the knees), long and controlled drop-kicking and a spectacular specialty called “high marking” in which a player will leap way off the ground to catch a ball booted into his territory and the man covering him will try to get up even higher. If either succeeds in pulling the ball in on the fly and holding onto it, his team receives a free kick on the opponents’ goal from that spot.

Though you would expect it to be, Australian-rules football is not at present the national game. It is played mainly in the three states which front on the Southern Ocean: Western Australia, South Australia and Victoria, with Melbourne its hotbed. This undoubtedly goes a long way toward explaining why Sydney (the capital of New South Wales, the most populous and influential state) has stubbornly stuck with Rugby, for the two metropolises are intransigent rivals, and for Sydney to take up

something Melbourne is famous for would amount not to adoption but capitulation. In the southern states, though, the Australian-rules season brings on a rampant fever of interest comparable to our annual autumn convulsion. Everyone roots (or barracks) ferociously for his team, even persons like John Landy, whose temperament is otherwise noticeably restrained. Landy played it as a boy. So did Herb Elliott. That’s where he got his nose banded up. It’s a very Australian game.

#### MEMORY OF MATHUDA

Technically, my visit to the small continent this past autumn was my second. In 1943, when my outfit was en route to China, the troopship anchored off Fremantle, the port for Perth, for three days, and we got ashore on two of them. I remember very little about that short stopover except that the Australian girls were as wholesome and unloof as we had heard, and that a troupe of local en-



GATHER WITH THEIR CARS AND THEIR GIRLS FOR A RALLY IN A SUBURBAN PARK

tertainers put on a show at the dock climaxed by the inevitable rendering of *Walking Matilda* by the entire ensemble.

This folk ballad, long a kind of unofficial national anthem, tells the story of a swagman who has stolen a sheep, and today there are quite a number of Australians who are of the opinion that it should be played far less often, if at all. They contend the subject matter presents their country in an incorrect and unfavorable light. A far more self-critical people than is generally recognized, Australians admit that this sort of touchiness stems from a kind of national inferiority complex, which also prompts their predilection for knocking themselves good-humoredly and the relish some of them take in being conspicuously and audibly Australian when in strange locales thousands of miles from home. They also know that they are sometimes direct to the point of abrasiveness.

Better than anyone else they un-

derstand their ambivalent attitude toward Britain—their resentment of anything smacking of stuffy colonialistic ritual and distinction, and, conversely, the honest sense of security they draw from their ties with the mother country. (They are, for example, in no hurry to adopt an official national anthem of their own to replace *God Save the Queen*.) They are modest about their national virtues, which are abundant, to say the least, and are genuinely delighted when visitors comment, say, on their deep-going friendliness and their astonishing lack of all affectation, or when visitors simply remark that Australians today seem to lead a very good life.

There are no two ways about this; they do. Nearly every family has a nice little home, standing on its own plot of land, usually with a small garden. Few people are rich by American standards, but then they do not have our extremes of poverty either. There are no slums as we know them.

"The Australians did not play both ends against the middle, but they are in a position today where they enjoy the fruits of both socialism and capitalism," Fred Hubbard, a well-informed American journalist who has spent the last decade in Australia, has said. "On the one hand, one out of every four Australians works for the government, and legislation has provided the workingman with liberal sick leaves, long-service leaves, goodly pensions and a generous medical setup which even includes a bonus for having a baby. On the other hand, one out of every four Australians now drives an auto and 60,000 are shareholders in the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, the vast steel combine."

#### MELBA, FLYNN AND KELLERMAN

Culturally, to be sure, Australia has produced and offered little. One of the reasons why sport has always loomed so large in the limited means of other diversion: there are few theatrical productions or concerts, hardly any light or jazz music, a paucity of newspapers and lively periodicals. Nonsporting entertainment consists principally of going to English and American movies and watching television. (A high proportion of the feature shows on television, incidentally, are kinescopes or tapes of American series, and if you have missed a few stirring chapters of such classics as the *Bob Cummings Show* or *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*, this is the place to catch them.) The young person of talent often must go abroad to realize it. Compared to the large number of Australian athletes who have earned worldwide reputations—I would guess that a dinner table of knowledgeable Americans might name as many as 20—few have gained a comparable renown in other fields. The same dinner table would probably come up with Nellie Melba, the opera star; Henry Handel Richardson, the authoress; Errol Flynn (from Tasmania); Percy Grainger, the composer; Judith Anderson and Cyril Ritchard of the stage; Annette Kellerman, who popularized the one-piece bathing suit; Alan Moorehead, the writer; maybe Ray Lawler, the author of that splendid play, *Scotcher of the Seventeenth Doll*—but after this they would find the going hard.

It is easy to understand why sport has traditionally been the area into

continued

which Australia threw its interest and its heart. To begin with, the climate is ideal—softly temperate, Californian, you might say, congenial to sports the year round. Moreover, if over the years Australians had few other riches, they enjoyed marvelous natural facilities for sports—the sea was handy, the grass was hardy, broad expanses of public parkland were at their disposal, and cities, schools and clubs were quick to take advantage of the plentiful elbow room and set up first-class sports grounds. Australians had the time for sports, too, for they had never really bought the nose-to-the-grindstone philosophy and they worked at least as hard at sport as at their trades.

In a country as young as Australia, where so much emphasis has traditionally been placed on physical activity, where sports-loving parents get up in the middle of a winter night and sit before fires to hear the short-wave broadcast of the Davis Cup matches from Forest Hills and the cricket test matches from Lords (replayed from country to country by stations in the cricket belt of Pakistan, India, and Singapore), a boy is born and bred to sports. It is a sort of national ambition to become good at one of them. The youngsters get a big push in this direction at public school, for sports are a compulsory part of the curriculum. From the time he is about 8, a boy attends sports classes two afternoons a week, usually on Wednesday and Friday, three hours each day of cricket in the summer and Rugby or Australian rules in the winter. The kids who don't fit into these games are supervised in swimming and tennis. The whole enrollment, in short, participates in one sport or another. Inter-school competition begins when the boys are 12 and 13, and juniors who show promise early get an opportunity to find out how they stack up against the best from other sections. For instance, annual Australia-wide track and field championships for 12-, 14-, and 16-year-old age groups were inaugurated in 1951 and similar swimming championships the same year.

"The size of our population, I think, has a lot to do with the looseness of our young athletes," Peter Thomson, the golfer, has said. "Nothing helps you to climb a bit

like a little success, and in Australia you can distinguish yourself without too much difficulty. You don't have to make your way past so many others. To get to the top in a country like the United States, with your 170 million, why, it must look insuperable to a young boy, way beyond him."

Aside from the abetment he receives at school the young Australian athlete gets enormous encouragement from his family. There are some "stage mothers" and "stage fathers" who push their kids, neurotically seeking to fulfill through them their own ambitions, but their number is small. Australians by and large are a people with a healthy outlook, and they are healthy parents.

#### A HAND FOR THE ROADS

In this connection I wonder if there ever were two parents more honestly helpful to an aspiring athlete than Alan and Bonnie Hoad were to their son, Lewis. Mr. Hoad has a feeling for sport, all right. In school he was a swimming and diving champion and, though a man of restricted means—for 15 years he worked as an electrician for the Sydney Transport Department—he found the time to be a first-rate ice hockey player, a good rifle shot, a three-mile racer with the Cooee Surf Club and a competitor in the hundred-miles-a-day jaunts of the Pedal Cyclists Association. The wonder is that a sports-saturated man like Mr. Hoad and his wife named their first son not after an athlete but after Lewis Stone, an actor they admired. The best way, I am sure, to bring out the unbelievably close and salutary sports communion the Hoad family shared is to quote a sentence here and a sentence there from the early chapters of the autobiography Lew wrote shortly after winning his second Wimbledon championship and turning professional:

"Because the war was on and there were few adults to play tennis with, my mother took up the game just to give me the opportunity to practice. . . . Always scheming to help my tennis, he [Dad] took me to all the transport department courts to give me experience on as many different surfaces as possible. . . . He [Dad] built up a kayak to sail in the local storm-water canal and made the exercises we did at night fun instead of hard work. . . . Mum joined a few

sessions, too. She did backbends better than the rest of us. . . . We built our own [table-tennis] table in the club workshop, and my father acted as our coach. . . . My mother took me often to White City to watch the big names of tennis in action. . . . There was a time when I won the final of a New South Wales hard court title, and when I went home and entered the kitchen I asked, 'How'd you go, Mum?' She smiled and said, 'I won. How'd you go?'"



AUSIE GIBBS, NO LESS ENERGETIC

Australians consider themselves ungifted at organization. When they speak of the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne, for example, their fondness for self-ribbing often leads them to make wry comments on the order of, "It was a miracle, you know, we ever got anything ready at all for the Games, but when they were actually held the same year they were scheduled for—now, that was a shocker."

There may be some areas in which

the native administrative faculty may be retarded, but sports is not one of them. Take swimming. The New South Wales Australian Swimming Association, founded in 1889, is now composed of 126 clubs with a total registered membership of 19,602. New South Wales, to be certain, is the swimming center, but Victoria is not exactly unbuoyant, with its 13,000 registered club members, or Queensland with its 10,206. Tennis, a workingman's game in Australia, has in

which cater to some 100,000 golfers. Golf in Australia, incidentally, is much less expensive than in any place except Scotland. You find the same pattern repeated in every sport: low cost, high membership. There are 26 bicycle clubs, with 4,020 members, in New South Wales alone. There are 1,427 lawn bowling clubs, with 171,687 members. And so on and on. Mateland is clubland.

While visitors to Australia may be aghast at the extent of the compe-

rated the Schoolgirls' and Schoolboys' Championships for under-17 and under-19 players, plus some assorted junior-junior championships. The entrants numbered 1,745, so apparently this tourney filled a need, for otherwise the state's juniors have a chance to engage only in school matches and club matches, the Victoria championship (on grass), the Victoria hard-court championships, interstate team matches (four a side), interregional championships among the LTAV's 14 regions, some interassociation matches and either the Country Tennis Carnival at Kooyong (for those who live in the country) or the metropolitan winter pennant competition and Metropolitan Week at Kooyong. This, I believe, would cover most of the authorized competitions, except for the junior divisions of the other state championships and the national championships. Mr. R. N. Vreeland, the incumbent president of the LTAV, likes to think his organization has a progressive point of view, and he feels a yawning gap in its promotional program was filled when during six months of 1959 it provided planned instruction by accredited coaches for 1,400 young players between the ages of 9 and 15. Well, it's a start.

#### AN AMALGAM—PLUS

A fine climate, plenty of room, plenty of time, an inbred love of sports and the wish to excel at them, the lack of competing fields of interest, the worship of the physical idea which is part of a young country, the right pitch of support from one's family and friends, the splendid natural facilities, the relatively inexpensive cost of sport, the early orientation in school, the opportunity to develop in highly organized competitions—and added to these, good food for growing bodies and the natural desire of the people of a small nation to do famously in fields which command international attention and respect—these in combination are the amalgam which has made Australia the most vigorous sports country of all times. It doesn't entirely explain, though, the emergence of its super-athletes. If you add two other factors on which Australia places strong emphasis, it does. They are: extremely able coaching and plain hard work.

These are more closely related than you might think at first. There are

continued



THAN THEIR MENFOLK, MAKE GOOD USE OF COUNTRY'S MANY ATHLETIC FIELDS

the neighborhood of 300,000 registered tournament players and another 550,000 unregistered players—in other words, about one out of every 12 Australians is enmeshed in it.

The figures for golf are not nearly as overwhelming. Until recently it was hard for a youngster to gravitate to the game unless he was born into a well-to-do golf-playing family. Nevertheless, there are today some 1,000 golf clubs, counting the public courses,

titions already on the schedule, the various sports organizations seem intensely devoted to enlarging their operations, almost as if they felt that a moment's delinquency would put them a step behind a rival state or another game. An incisive example is the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria, composed of 325 affiliated clubs and associations. In 1958, feeling that they were not doing enough to promote junior tennis, the LTAV inaugu-

times when every athlete, even the most extraordinarily gifted, begins to question the whole damned exhausting business. More often than not, the person who helps him through the sloughs of despondency is his coach. The Australians, being an uncomplicated people, realize that the success of a potential champion's development depends more on how his personality fuses with his coach's than on the latter's skill as an instructor. The governing fathers in every sport may have their private ideas about which coaches are technically the best but, with the big picture in mind, they encourage their stars to go to whatever coach he or she enjoys working with.

#### COACHES AND CONTROVERSY

There are many exceedingly well-qualified coaches in every sport, but the best-known—the ones whose pupils have made them renowned—are Harry Hopman in tennis, Percy Cerutti and Franz Stampf in track, Norman Von Nida in golf and Frank Guthrie, Harry Gallagher, Sam Herford, Forbes Carlile and Don Talbot in swimming. The most controversial is Cerutti, Herb Elliott's coach, a garrulous, white-haired antitraditionalist whose novel ideas include training runs over the sand dunes near his home in Portsea and diets in which dried fruit, nuts and rolled oats figure prominently. Cerutti's yen for self-advertisement periodically gets out of hand, and there is no doubt that his interest in his charges can be excessive: he has a compulsion for wanting to take over not only their athletic careers but their whole lives. With a wisdom far beyond his 22 years, Elliott has learned how to ride with Cerutti's extravagance and sticks with them because he thinks Perc knows more about running than any person alive. He also likes him.

In a land where everyone is an authority on tennis, Harry Hopman, naturally, has his detractors who question anything and everything he does, but most Australians have boundless faith in Harry. They should. Hopman was the coach of the team that in 1939 gained the Davis Cup for Australia after a 20-year hiatus. He was called back again in 1950 to restore Australia's sagging fortunes and has succeeded so well

that his teams have lost the cup but twice in the last decade. A superb technician, he is also a bug on physical condition. When he first saw Frank Sedgman in a coaching class at Koo-yong in 1940 he sent the slender boy to a gymnasium to build himself up. When Head used to go for conditioning runs in the park in London at night, Harry ran with him.

The era of the swimming coach, a big man in Australia today, began in 1946, shortly after the idea of getting back into the competitive swim dawned concurrently on several of the sport's leaders, most notably the late Professor Frank Cotton of the University of Sydney, who was investigating the physiology of muscular exercises, and Marsden Campbell, a former backstroke champion who advocated adopting the American methods of off-season body-building as espoused principally by Bob Kipphuth of Yale. By 1950 Australians were approaching swimming as a sport that had to be worked on hard the year round. In the off season the swimmer did his body-building exercises—"Bob Kipphuth may have really made a bigger contribution to Australian swimming than he has to American," Syd Grange, the secretary of the New South Wales Amateur Swimming Association, has said—and during the season he worked himself up to top form via eight weeks of prewater conditioning, six weeks of light preliminary workouts, eight weeks of intensified workouts and a final two weeks calculated to bring him to the peak of his form. Now this is the kind of regimen from which a Spartan might turn with an airy wave of his hand and the excuse that he had changed his mind and was going in for darts instead. As for the Australian swimmers, there is not one who wouldn't long ago have become the victim of mental fatigue were it not for the companionship and understanding of his coach, an alter ego indeed. An extreme case but not an untypical one is that of Dawn Fraser, the world record holder in the 100-meter freestyle. When her coach, Harry Gallagher, took up a new position in Adelaide, Dawn, a Sydney girl, changed jobs and moved to Adelaide. She lives with the Gallaghers in their home, which is right beside the pool.

While a certain individuality exists in the approaches of the several

coaches and in the form of the various swimmers, there is, notwithstanding, a definite Australian style. It may have been best described in an informal comment which Bob Kipphuth made to an Australian friend at the 1956 Olympic Games: "You're swimming just like we used to." The explanation is quite interesting. After the 1924 Olympics, as was mentioned earlier, Australia stood still and the U.S. and Japan moved far ahead, searching out new methods of body-building and increasingly more refined techniques. By 1936 the Japanese, for example, were experimenting with delayed breathing and the intricate timing of the overtaking arm action



A STAR EMERGES. John Landy is still an example of fortitude to countrymen.

in the glide. "The Americans and Japanese overexperimented—that was the rock they tripped on," an Australian coach pointed out to me. "We avoided all of that simply by not being in the picture. When we returned to serious swimming just before the 1952 Olympics we were lucky enough to make two decisions that have turned out to be right. In body-building we stressed a small number of exercises to develop gross power—not flexibility: body-presses and work with the medicine ball and with the weights. Our other correct guess was in style. We stayed with the classical techniques." This, among other things, has meant using fewer strokes than was the vogue and making them count more. In the 1956 Games, where many Japanese and American swimmers were taking 50 strokes to the lap, the Australians frequently averaged 41. Murray Rose was swim-



ming constantly under 40. After they saw this, the Japanese coaches went back home and changed young Yamanaoka, who had their technique down to perfection, completely. When he made his records this past year, Yamanaoka was swimming 35 strokes a lap with a wonderful Australian style.

#### THE EXAMPLE OF LANDY

The man who popularized hard work for swimmers, for runners, for everyone was Landy. Fate could have been kinder to John Landy. The glory of being the first man to break the four-minute barrier in the mile fell not to him but to Roger Bannister. Two weeks after Bannister ran his historic 3:59.4 at Oxford, Landy cracked this mark with 3:57.9 at Turku in Finland. In the Mile of the Century at Vancouver in 1954 the honors again went to Bannister. Nor did Landy fare too well in the Melbourne Olympics. Hobbled by inflamed tendons, he finished third on nerve alone after barely qualifying for the final. It is heart-warming to report that in his own country John Landy is not remembered as a man who was never quite first. He is admired perhaps more than any other athlete and, what is more, for the right reasons: for his unblinking sportsmanship at the bitterest moments, the modesty and honesty that characterized his conduct and the fact that he was one of the finest runners in history, a man who broke four minutes in the mile no less than six times. The Australian fans clearly understand—and they might have missed this point since there is a side of the national character that is impatient with subtleties—that if Landy was perhaps too mechanical a runner and lacked Bannister's racing instincts, this was the unfortunate consequence of the absence of any countrymen who could give him any race at all during his formative years and his subsequent reliance on the stop watch as his opponent. They understand also that his disappointing showing in the Olympics has stemmed indirectly from placing his country above his own interests. After tremendous pressure had been put on him, he consented to publicize the Melbourne Games by going to the U.S. in the spring of 1956; here he ran two sub-four-minute miles within a week, and they proved

continued

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to be his last great performances.

As we have suggested, a large part of Landy's contribution to Australian sport lay not in his performances but in the methods attending his development. In a country that had never before produced a middle-distance runner of any note, this intense young college boy set out to make himself into a "running animal." He forced himself to the point of exhaustion in his daily workouts; at one period, emphasizing interval-running, he ran as many as a dozen incredibly fast all-out quarters each afternoon. He learned on route that pushing one's self past reasonably strenuous limits did not bring on staleness and that if an athlete stuck to a schedule over a long period the body would respond. His did. He actually did transform himself into a running animal, with an entirely different pulse and heart beat and lung capacity than the average man. The point is this: if young Australian girls of 12 are nowadays swimming 12 miles a day, as the daughter of a Sydneyite friend of mine is doing, it all goes back to Landy, for although the heavy-training advocates in the other sports were arriving at these same conclusions independently, it was the great mule who dramatized for his countrymen the nature and extent of its value.

#### REWARD OF RECOGNITION

It only remains to be added, briefly, that the substantial recognition an exceptional athlete receives in Australia has something to do with there being so many. Jack Kramer's candid remark about why he likes to visit there comes to mind: "You're important in Australia in a way you like to be." When Kramer walks down the street in an Australian city he is spotted by many passers-by and approached for a friendly chat by more than a few. In New York, when he emerges from his hotel, there is no such activity or interest unless, perchance, Sal Mineo should come sweeping out of the revolving door right after him. As far as amateur athletes go—the Australian definitions of amateurism vary with each sport—only the tennis players are accorded liberal financial treatment. In professional sports only the top tennis pros and cricketers do well by our standards of payment and, interest-

ingly enough, unless a golf pro is a Thomson or a Crampton, he actually makes less than a plumber.

But above and beyond this, it pays in many indirect ways to be an athlete in Australia. If you make a name for yourself in sport, you enjoy a pleasant place in society, an agreeable life, and you will prosper commercially if you are normally industrious. Take the case of Frank Sedgman, one of the country's most popular tennis stars. In 1952, when Frank was teetering on the brink of turning professional, Australians contributed \$13,260 to a wedding-gift fund that would encourage him to remain an amateur for another season and so be eligible to defend the Davis Cup. Frank used the money principally to purchase a gas station, which proved to be a good thing until the accelerated auto age resulted in a plethora of gas stations. He then sold this property. For a while Frank manufactured flavored straws (called Sedgies), but now the bulk of his investment is in a gymnasium with squash courts in Melbourne. He is doing very nicely.

Whither Australia and Australian sports? I don't think any punditry or pronouncements are called for. In one direction, as life becomes more autoed and Americanized, there are sure to be more and more Australians seeking their pleasure away from the arduous oval and court. And yet one knows that for a long time to come the national passion for sport will be at least what it is today. An ever-increasing number of youngsters will continue to set their hearts on emulating their heroes, reacting as they do now to every excellent showing in a major event. Nor will the opportunities to do so diminish—for this year's Olympics, to give an example, Australia expects to send the unprecedented number of 144 athletes to Rome. Sport is in Australia's blood, even deeper than it is in our own, deeper probably than it is in any other nation's. It is as simple as that.

In my mind, these several months after my return, there are a hundred and one small "set pieces," sights and sounds which remain vivid and clear. May I give you just three.

The first, in truth, is hardly that. Robert Gordon Menzies, the incumbent Prime Minister, spoke with memorable wit at the Canada Cup presentation ceremonies, but I pre-

fer to present to you Menzies the writer; you will not come across a more evocative delineation of an athlete than Mr. Menzies' cameo of Norman Brookes, the tennis player who was Australia's first great international champion, which appeared in an article for this magazine four summers ago (SI, Aug. 29, 1955). "As soon as he served," so wrote Menzies, "Brookes moved in. Such was his control of service direction and length that he limited the scope of the return, and even appeared as if by some magic to control its actual direction. In spite of this, powerful opponents would seek to check him by driving to his feet as he advanced to the normally fatal midcourt half-volleying position. They soon discovered that to Brookes the half-volley was a weapon of attack, not of defense. Time after time I have seen him sweeping half-volleys first to one deep corner, then to the other, with his opponent sweating up and down in vain.

#### "A PALE-FACED RED INDIAN"

"What a player! His long trousers perfectly pressed, on his head a peaked tweed or cloth cap, on his face the inscrutable expression of a pale-faced Red Indian, no sign of sweat or bother, no temperamental outbursts, no word to say except an occasional 'well played.' A slim and not very robust man, he combined an almost diabolical skill with a personal reserve, a dignity (yes, dignity) and a calm maturity of mind and judgment. I have sometimes suspected that a modern coach, given control, would have hammered out of him all the astonishing elements that made him in his day (and his day lasted for many years) the greatest player in the world."

The second: John Landy, today a technical officer of the National Parks Authority, sits in the living room of his family's airy home in Melbourne, across the way from Central Park, where he ran as a boy and still runs. As intent of eye as ever and extremely trim, there is about him his familiar thoughtfulness as he contributes a sentence or two here, a sentence or two there, to a conversation on track:

"You were given legs to walk with and run with. You were given a good body and it's got to be kept fit. . . . Australian kids today are bigger and fuller. I don't know if they're as hardy. . . . The reason why we've got

those kids running at the Mountain School at Timber Top is they have an incentive. They understand that running can get them fit for hiking, which they like. Realizing this, they don't mind running. There're some boys up there 14 and 15 who can now run 22 miles in two hours and 44 minutes. . . . Coaching to my mind is the ability to make a second-class athlete reach his full potential. . . . I'm very fit, thanks, possibly because I'm not running competitively any longer, just occasional jogs."

The third: Herb Elliott is riding into Melbourne University from his home in Clayton on his blue Japanese motorcycle. He had an auto but couldn't afford to run it. As one watches him make his way through the hazardous highway traffic on his motorcycle, his legs hugging the metal frame, the feeling hits hard that there is something wrong about the world's mile champion running such a risk. Elliott, however, appears oblivious to this, as honestly composed as he was at home earlier that morning when he spoke about the race in May 1958 at Santry outside Dublin, where he set the present mile record of 3:54.5.

"Santry was perfect for me," Elliott said. "The Empire Games were over, so when I came to Ireland the tension was off. I liked the country atmosphere at the track. Trees grew all around it. That helped me to feel easy. Then, too, the race was held at a time of day that makes you feel relaxed. It was in the still of the evening, twilight, when the day was going into night. The track was a little damp, which was fine, of course. Well, the race got off. I start a race flat out and I try to go flat out all the way, so I never really know if I am running well until I hear the times at the half-mile. You hear them say 1:58, or whatever it is. I think it was 1:58 that day. I felt very strong during the third quarter. I can remember Lincoln passed me and I passed him back, which I knew was good for the race. During the last quarter I had a lot of strength left in me. I just ran as fast as I could. I'll tell you what helped me there: that wild Irish crowd started to yell and they kept yelling. When it was over I knew we had run a fast race, but I was astonished when they told me the time. It was one of those rare occasions, you know, when everything went right."

END

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Erratic pitching cost the **Chicago White Sox** the lead. The relievers faltered three times, and veteran Billy Pierce emerged as the team's stopper. Manager Al Lopez seemed unconcerned over Early Wynn's repeated failures. "Early's tremendous pride alone is worth five or six victories," said Lopez. "He can't stand to lose, and he won't." True to Al's word, Wynn five-hit the Indians on Sunday for his first victory. Belying all predictions, the **Baltimore Orioles** continued to get strong hitting (most runs in the league) and weak pitching (worst ERA in the league). But hitters and pitchers got together for three wins over the Red Sox, and the team jumped into a first-place tie. Valdez Thomas, purchased from the Phils to catch flustered Hoyt Wilhelm, was a quick casualty: he entered the bullpen with Wilhelm, emerged 10 minutes later with an injured finger. The **New York Yankees** looked punch Mickey Mantle, batting second in the order, had two hits, one RBI. Commented Manager Stengel, "Mickey ain't hitting a dime's worth, so it doesn't matter where he bats." One bright spot was Bob Turley. Settling on a half wind-up, Turley showed a live fast ball, improved control in two relief appearances. The **Cleveland Indians** got more good pitching from Rookie Dick Stigman and lucky Gary Bell. Shaky under pressure last year, Bell—according to Manager Gordon—is now "Jose and relaxed in a jinx. He's learned how to wrap up a victory." Surprise slugger Jim Pershall hit three homers, drove in seven runs. Pete Runnels' hot bat helped keep the

**Houston Red Sox** close to the top. Shrugging off a cold, Runnels took over the batting lead, beat the White Sox with a ninth-inning single. Moving in spurts, the **Detroit Tigers** halted their losing streak at 10 straight and won four one-run games in a row (three by home runs). Don Mossi and Frank Lary turned in low-hit shutouts, and Hank Aguirre and Dave Siler each beat the A's in relief. The **Washington Senators** played solidly, and Manager Lavagetto got impatient. He benched Rockies Don Mincher and Dan Dobbek,



**FLASHY KIDS** Tony Curry, Ron Hansen ranked among top batters. Phil's Curry reached .380 and Oriole's Hansen .365.

and drove in six runs. The **Cincinnati Reds** made it nine in a row (including five complete games) before losing to the Phils. Jim O'Toole won his second straight shutout, shaved his ERA to 2.02. The **Los Angeles Dodgers'** pitching improved but the hitting didn't, and Manager Alton began fiddling with the roster as well as the lineup. Up from Spokane came legendary Frank Howard, and onto the disabled list went aging Carl Furillo. Alton returned Gil Hodges to first base but benched John Roseboro, the club's leading RBI man. Slugging back from six straight postponements, the **Chicago Cubs** came up with two well-pitched games and a new trade. When Tony Taylor refused to play third, Manager Boudreau sent him to the Phils with Cal Neuman, for Ed Bouchee and Don Cardwell. Cardwell responded with a no-hitter. Understandably desperate, **St. Louis Cardinals'** Manager Billy Hume shuttled Alex Grammas and Daryl Spencer between second and short, cleared the bench of substitutes, even used uncatchable reliever Lindy McDaniel as a starter. When McDaniel got pounded and the losing streak reached six, Hume ripped two phones off the dugout wall but stewed in silence as the club lost two more and sank to seventh. The **Philadelphia Phillies** wanted topflight pitching (seven runs in four losses) and hit bottom.

Standings: SF 15-4 Phils 16 18 NY 12-5 Cle 12-13 LA 12 16, Chi 9-14, SE 9-15 Phils 11-18

## RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Team Total	Total Runs Produced
Minn. Chi (130)	38	15	33
Alto. Wash (100)	37	15	32
Wooding Bal (124)	39	9	28
Natle. NY (111)	21	6	27
Baltimore SE (124)	32	14	26
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cleav. Phi (107)	39	20	35
St. Louis Phil (110)	24	15	39
McGraw NY (107)	17	20	36
Minn. SE (104)	21	17	32
Pitt. Chi (100)	20	13	32

\*Determined by subtracting RBIs from RBIs

hoped for an early return of injured hero Harmon Killebrew. Camilo Pascual won twice, yielding seven hits and striking out 22. The **Kansas City Athletics** staggered again, and, back home, the natives became restless: of the nine road games televised to K.C. the A's have failed to win one.

Standings: Chi 14-10, Bal 14-10 NY 12-5 Cle 12-13 LA 12 16, Chi 9-14, SE 9-15 Phils 11-18

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **San Francisco Giants** played one heart-stopper after another, lost only one. The pitchers delivered four shutouts, strung together 35 scoreless innings, lowered the team ERA to a striking 2.50. But the bats were ominously muffled: 10 earned runs, 36 hits in six games. Threatened with quick edginess, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** staged a succession of late-inning rallies to stay hard on the Giants' heels. Three-time loser Roy Face won twice, and .280 hitter Bill Mazeroski totaled three homers, seven RBIs. The **Milwaukee Braves** hit 13 home runs in five games but won only two of them as the pitching gave way at crucial moments. Wes Covington, back in left field for a while, hit two of the homers

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE	3-0	Pierce	3-1	Shaw	2-2
Chi. Phil	4-1	Hansen	3-2	Stigman	2-1
Bal. McGraw	3-1	Carle	2-0	Furillo	2-0
NY. Conlin	2-0	Shaw	2-1	Conlin	1-0
Bal. Rose	2-0	Porcari	2-0	Edwards	2-0
Det. Mogen	2-0	Lary	2-0	Benson	1-0
Wash. Pascual	2-0	Kalish	2-0	2 tied with 1-0	
SE. Hall	2-0	Holbert	2-1	Kelley	1-1

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
SF	McCormack	5-0	Jones	4-2
Pitt.	Law	5-1	Foam	4-1
Mil	Spahr	2-0	Dorsett	2-1
San	O Toole	2-2	Noe	3-3
L.A.	Sherry	4-3	Guyard	4-4
Chi	Holm	3-0	Flowers	2-0
SE	Buler	2-0	Burger	2-1
Phi	Meyer	3-1	Farrill	2-0

Based on statistics through Saturday, May 24

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FOR  
ORD

A roundup of the sports information  
of the week

**ART WRANGING**—Miss EDNA CARDNER WHYTE and Co-plot JEAN MONDIER, Fort Worth, Tex. Greena 125 from Miami to San Salvador (2,458 miles) is 28-29, won Women's International Air Race and \$800 prize.

**BASKETBALL**—Bill Perigo, soft-spoken coach who had struggled through eight years of complacent obscurity, suddenly discovered last fall—congratulating Wolverines men were wondering about last season's 3-12 Big Ten, 4-19 over-all record and "singed" Perigo's probable replacement: former Michigan Captain Dave Strack, his former assistant and now head coach at Miami.

**SOARING**—CORNELL variety, flyers. They have soared, left, injured Harvard mauling 234 lengths behind, became surprise winner of Kentucky sprint at Warrenton, Miss. (see page 18). But unbeaten HARVARD lightweight salvaged some glory for consolation Coats, breeming home 346 lengths ahead of Navy in 7:02.4 for 2,000 meters to extend three-year winning streak at 26. WASHINGTON, over California for 54 lengths, in 28:03 for three miles, Oakland (Calif.)—Kenner-

**SOMEONE**—BILLY GULEMDEKOWSKI, past-world 38-year-old Detroit housewife who has been runner-up so often in major tournaments he was beginning to feel like professional also-ran, finally made off with his prize, outstripping Steve Nagy \$74,750 to win ABC Masters championship and \$2,280 at Toledo, Ohio.

**BOXING—WISCONSIN FACULTY**, prodded by unfortunate death of Charles Mills in NCAA tournament last month, overwhelmingly voted to abolish intercollegiate boxing at university, ended brilliant 26-year history of sport.

**DON FULLMER**, youngest of fighting Fullmers, paraded middleweight trial horse Stefan Redd for 10 rounds, took decision, West Jordan, Utah.

**PENCING**—NYU's NCAA champions and NAVY dominated All-America teams selected by college coaches. The squad—NYU's Gene Glazer, Navy's Bill Lewis and Cornell's Bruce Saffro, 1st, NYU's Mike Dumas, Navy's Al Moorhead and Penn's Ed Farnsworth, 2nd, NYU's Gil Sauer, Navy's Howard Cusley and Yale's Jim Powell, 3rd.

**COLF—SAM SNEAD**, whose last TV performance gained something less than rave notices, put his talents before the camera again, this time counted his date carefully before he shot 333 for 56 holes at Toria Links, Calif., walked off with \$10,000 (his money is round robin All-Star tour) parent filmed the later showing. **HUNTER—**Jimmy Demaret and Cary Middlecoff, with 2098 worth \$7,664 each, **JANIS BURKE JR.**, with 2111 worth \$3,000.

**JULIUS HUBBIS**, Mid Pines, N.C., also part of on last 18, took first place with 249, Colonial Invitation, Fort Worth (see page 74).

**HARNESS RACING** — FORTY-EIGHT ADAMS, only fully in form, responded nobly to Don Miller's urging, held off mugging Major Glenn by 1 1/4 lengths in 2:02 1/2 mile, to win \$142,785 Messenger Stakes, first leg of triple crown for 3-year-old pacers, at Woodbine Raceway last page 31.

**HODGE HODGE:** \$25,972 Lady Maryland Sinker for 3-year-old pacing filly, 1 m., by 214 lengths over stablemate Jan Hanover, in 2:23.1, Roosevelt Raceway At Thonon, driver

**HORSE RACING—DALLY ACHIE**, sold by Greenleaf Leonard Partnership for \$1,250,000 to syndicate headed by Joseph L. Arnold of Lexington, Ky. (see page 7), was given to give new owner that first start. Showing slowly to front early when sent out by Bobbie Umyer, Dally Ache led the 14-horse field he broke in Freshman Prep at Pimlico, ran through mile and a sixteenth in 1:44 1/2 to finish eased-up four lengths ahead of David Corbett.

**VANESSA'S BOY**, previously undistinguished 2-year-old son of Greek Warrior, gelded male in 1981, to win \$10,000 (Irish Handicap at Aqueduct), provide striped stickers with \$189.50 payoff for Mr. Larry Adams up.

**YIP YIP WILL**, 355,740 Center H., 7 f., by 1/2 length over Mail Order, an track-record-tying 1 1/2%, Aqueduct, Larry Adams up.

**CLOWN PRINCE**, 328,734 Delaware Stakes for

Year-olds, 8 f., by week over New Policy, in 1.28, Hollywood Park. Wendell Looking up.

**INTERNATIONAL NOTE SPORTS - KEDDIE**  
SAMIS, Center Valley, Pa. driver/coach who  
radio almost as fast as he drives. Honored by won-  
dering if he'll check 147 mph for lap at Indianapolis  
Motor Speedway May 6-8-9-10. Keddie coached new  
to cylinder Dean Van Lunen Special at 147.271-mph  
on third lap, averaged record 146.692 mph  
for 10 laps, 100 miles, 100 minutes.  
**JIMMIE IRLAND**, Britton, 150 mile race for  
Grand Prix cars, won 108.88-mph average, in Lo-  
zan, Switzerland, England.

**JOE SCHAEFFER**, Hartford, Vt., rain-delayed,  
won 100-mile race at 147.271-mph with 150-kph aver-  
age, in 1986 Ford, Burlington, S.C.

**LACROSSE**—NAVY, over Johns Hopkins, 15-7, to remain unbeaten, Annapolis.

**PERISTAYLON**—**LIEUT. (JG) ROBERT L. BECK**, U.S. Navy, international modern peristaylon individual title, with 4,790 points, San Antonio. Team champion: U.S. RED TEAM with 13,829 points.

**BROTHERS—HAROLD LAMM**, Greenwich, Conn., men's singles, with 1982-83 EDWARD R. HAYES, Hartford, N.H.; two-month-long interschool title; with 1983-84 ALICE WORTHINGTON, Haverhill, Pa., women's singles, with 1981-82 BRN HIGGINS-BARN, Newburgh, N.Y.; singles with 1984-85, overall, with 1986-87, Dwyer doubles, with 1987-88, A.J. JACOBI, with 1989-90 CHARLES L. MARTHUR, Colman, Pa.; singles handspun, with 1991-92, also shoofed, 1'S ARTHUR Thompson; champions Peñon Manor, N.Y.

**SISTER—JENNIFER LAMM**, Greenwich, Conn., individual title, with 1993-94, two-month-long interschool title; champions Peñon Manor.

**BAGG & FIELD**: DOUG SMITH, lucky Occidental College junior, has May Norton as tape in 100 in 9.4 for Nevada's best sprint team last season at West Coast Relays. Other notable performances include 60 in 7.8 at Big Sky meet, anchored Santa Clara Youth Village Invitational to U.S. record of 9:34.9 for distance medley relay. Dave Davis led from half mile 4:41 to 1:34 in 1:56.4 in 100 yard dash. Smith won 100 yd dash defeats by 4½ inch in shortput, Oregon State's Gary Strazinski boxed punch 200 feet 6½ inches. YALM led by sophomore hurdler Hunter Jay Lucke's double in 32½ inch 11.4 in 1:18.9 over 24 1½, was also in 1:18.9 over 24 1½, points to 11½.

Regional title, Cambridge, Mass.

**COLLETSWALL - WESTSIDE JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, Los Angeles, over Hollywood YMCA Slaps, 10-15, 41-3, 11-3, men's open doubles, SANTA MONICA MARINERS, over Los Angeles Dodgers, 12-6, 16-10, women's open title, HOLLYWOOD COMETS, over Houston YMCA, 1-3, 13-61, 15-3 master's title, GEORGE WILLIAM COLLEGE, Chicago, over Houston YMCA, 1-3, 13-61, 15-3 master's title, H R REGIM U.S. ARMY AIR DEFENSE COMMAND, San Francisco, over Hamilton AFB, 15-9, 13-12, Armed Forces title, U.S. Volleyball championships, Dallas (see page 88)**

**MILEPOSTS**—RESIGNED: FRANK E. JIMMY, KILBOE, 48, longestest director of racing and racing secretary-handicapper for NYRA effective Nov. 30 to succeed Carlton F. Burke as full-time director of racing at Santa Anita.

DIED: HARRY R. BELL, 78, residence, 1934 1/2th St., St. Louis, died of cancer of the stomach at his home. He was married to Mary, nee Conner, and they had one son, Edward. Mr. Bell was a member of the St. Louis Chapter of the Grand Prix circuit, and, incidentally, when his Conquer wonched over the break wall during 1960-61, positive proof for International Trophy Race, at Silverstone, England, was furnished. He was a member of the St. Louis Club and a prudent one; he believed, with sense, that no major race although he drove, at various times, for Mustangs, Ferraris, Porsches, BSM.

DIED: ALY KHAN, 58, diplomat, thoroughbred breeder, died of cancer of the prostate gland at his home, 10000 1/2th St., St. Louis. He was married to Mary, nee Khan, and they had one son, Aly Khan, Jr. He was a member of the St. Louis Club and a prudent one; he believed, with sense, that no major race although he drove, at various times, for Mustangs, Ferraris, Porsches, BSM.

DIED: IRVING (CANNON BALL) BARKER, 78, pioneer auto and motorcycle racer, builder of numerous race-tracks, died of cancer of the stomach at his home, 10000 1/2th St., St. Louis. He was married to Mary, nee Khan, and they had one son, Aly Khan, Jr. He was a member of the St. Louis Club and a prudent one; he believed, with sense, that no major race although he drove, at various times, for Mustangs, Ferraris, Porsches, BSM.

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## EXERCISE BOYS continued

out, losing ground on every turn. Some are lazy and like to lean against the starting gate, a habit that makes them come out sideways when it opens. Some have the posture of a consumptive subdeb and stand in the gate at such a slouch that they have to be aroused to the vertical before they can even begin to think about moving in the horizontal. Some refuse to stand in the gate at all and have to be shipped back to the breeding farm or trained for jumping races where no starting gate is used.

Most horses, however, do get to the track if they have the speed for it and, once there, learn how to behave on it. That they do so is a great tribute to the race horse trainer, who has always received a good deal of credit and fame—and to the exercise boy, who has heretofore received practically none.

The exercise boy is racing's unsung hero, practically worth his weight (around 120 pounds) in gold. He is out at the stable at dawn, when these frightening creatures are at their friskiest. He puts the exercise saddle on the horse, rides him at a walk to the track, steadies him with the feel of his confident hands on the reins and withers, calms him, reassures him, hangs on when he bucks or shies, teaches him manners, corrects his bad habits, gets him used to standing up straight in the starting gate, gallops him a slow mile or gives him a fast workout that is a marvel of split-second timing. Then he takes the horse back to the stable.

For some exercise boys this is the major part of the job. For others, the day has just started. The boy walks his mount in a circle for half an hour until his sweat has dried, his hide is cool and he is ready to go back to his stall without danger of pneumonia. After that he repeats the whole process, usually with two more horses. In the afternoon, if one of his horses is racing, the exercise boy leads him to the paddock, helps saddle him, and then turns him over to a jockey who will get all the glory if he wins. Win or lose, the exercise boy reassures the horse while he is unsaddled and led back to the stable, then walks him around again until he cools out.

The exercise boy may be busy at the track until 6 p.m., a little over 12 hours after he first showed up. He

works seven days a week all year round, a nomad who follows the horses south in the winter and north in the summer. For this, if he is lucky enough to work for one of the best stables, he gets around \$75 a week.

Under the circumstances, nobody sets out deliberately to become an exercise boy. Practically all of them are would-be or has-been jockeys, getting experience or getting fat. Some of the young ones will make the grade as jockeys. Some of the older men will develop into trainers. The others will some day find what little local glory they enjoy slipping through their fingers. Even if an exercise boy can keep his weight within bounds, he is likely to get too cautious in his 40s to be much good. In the last analysis his profession is a battle of will and daring between the 120 pounds of rider and the half ton of horse. A middle-aged man, especially if he has picked up a wife and some children along the way, begins to see the discrepancy in the contest and loses his stomach for the bolts, the falls and the bruises. He can then either become a mere stablehand, which is a comedown, or leave the race track altogether, which is by that time unthinkable.

#### EXPERT EXERCISE BOY

Most of the really good exercise boys grew up with horses. One such was Freeman McMillan, a long, lean Oklahoman who spent nine years galloping horses for Calumet Farm and included among his protégés Armed and Citation, winners of nearly \$2 million between them. McMillan was acknowledged to be just about the best of them all, especially with strong and ambitious horses like these two—who would certainly have busted out from under any ordinary rider and perhaps have ruined their careers by exhausting themselves.

Besides his talent for making a headstrong horse behave, McMillan was noted for his judgment of pace. Once he exhibited Citation in a workout between races at Hollywood Park in California. The trainer, Calumet's Jimmy Jones, told him to go a mile in around 1:37. An official clocker at the finish line caught the workout in 1:36½.

Citation, being such a great animal, is not conceded by anyone concerned to have had any bad habits. McMillan likes to say: "He had more

continued

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### EXERCISE BOYS continued

sense than any horse that ever looked through a bridle."

When pressed, McMillan will admit that this beautifully mannered horse once kicked him in the stomach. Fortunately the blow landed due center of a stopwatch McMillan was wearing in his trousers' watch pocket. The watch was completely flattened but McMillan received only superficial bruises.

Another fine exercise boy, famed among horsemen if not among the public, was Bernie Everson, a tall, dark, serious young man who worked for the Alfred G. Vanderbilt stables. He is chiefly noted as the boy who handled Native Dancer.

Boy met horse in peculiar fashion. The Dancer was one of 11 yearlings freshly broken to saddle who were shipped from the farm to join the Vanderbilt stable at Santa Anita in November 1951. On the day they first went out for a gallop, Everson was riding another of them—he has forgotten which—and another boy was up on the Dancer. They had barely taken the track when the Dancer exhibited some of the playful mannerisms which he was to retain for his entire racing career. He reared up, fell backward, dumped his rider and took off on a solo exploration of the Santa Anita scenery.

The next time out, Trainer Bill Winfrey asked Everson to take over the Dancer. This was a high compliment, but Everson took a fairly dim view of it at the moment. He had just come off a series of misfortunes. Once, while exercising a gelding named Band Concert at the Laurel track, he had run into a loose horse and wound up with a broken back that kept him in the hospital for months. Soon after he returned to action an unruly 2-year-old threw him and broke his back again. All in all, he was tired of hospitals and full of unpleasant memories—and he could not help recalling that Band Concert, who started it all, had been a gray just like the Dancer. "People ask me if I knew the minute I got up on Native Dancer that I had a great horse," he says. "The truth is, all I was thinking at the time was that I was probably in for a rough ride."

The ride was not as rough as expected, although at the end of it the Dancer got up on his hind legs and

pranced lightly off the track in a near-vertical posture, as if trying to live up to his name. This was a routine he kept following whenever leaving the track, presumably in sheer joy at having done his work so well. He also developed a trick of suddenly dropping his left shoulder to get rid of his rider. All in all, he threw Everson off his back six times, and on numerous other occasions he tossed Everson around like a sack of wheat when being walked to cool out.

Native Dancer meant a good deal to Everson. For one thing, he got a percentage of the purse money, and, all in all, the Dancer earned Everson close to \$4,000 in extra pay. And having a champion means even more than money. Everson, though he dislikes being considered sentimental, will concede that he had tears in his eyes the day he watched the Dancer lose the Kentucky Derby—and again on the day at Belmont Park when the Dancer said farewell to racing and was shipped home to the farm.

### HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

At the opposite pole from the Dancer in Everson's affections stands a deceptively pleasant looking bay colt named Cousin, who went to the races a year before the Dancer and for a time seemed equally promising. In August 1951 Cousin won three 2-year-old stakes at Saratoga, including a length-and-a-half victory over the great Tom Fool in the Hopeful. In the process, however, he developed an abiding distaste for race tracks and began refusing to set foot on them in the training hours. "You couldn't coax him or threaten him," says Everson. "You'd say go and he'd stop; you'd say stop and he'd go. Except he wouldn't go on the track no matter what you said."

Cousin's last race that season was the Futurity at Belmont. He reared at the start, almost throwing his jockey, and finished eighth. The stable retired Cousin but persevered with him over the winter and managed to get him on the track the following spring. He ran poorly a few more times and eventually was sent to England where he became a jumper. As Everson puts it, "Cousin just got the best of everybody. He won out."

The best thing in an exercise boy's life is a champion, like the Dancer. The worst is a horse that could have been great but refused. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

## PROMUNCIATION GUIDE

Sirs:

You say Jeckey Mickey Solomonea's last name "rhymes with honey" (FACES IN THE CROWD, May 16). Baloney!  
DAVID GRAVES

New York City

● Well, a little like baloney, but something like salami, too.—ED.

## THE AVERAGE MAN SPEAKS UP

Sirs:

Let's get away from this "big-boy bug," as in *The Shotput Explosion* (April 25). What would a person my size (5 feet 9 inches, 160 pounds) do with the same shot? What is expected as a good performance for the average-size man?

If those behemoths outweigh us normal people by 40%, shouldn't they put the shot 40% farther? John Thomas, the 6-foot 5½-inch high jumper, clears nine inches over his own height, but would the recognition be the same if a 3-foot 9-inch normal person cleared 6 feet 6 inches?

We are going overboard on size in sports and are missing one helluva lot of keen competition by normal-size people.

EARL G. FOX

Brie, Pa.



REAVIS WHEN 5 FEET 9 WAS TALL ENOUGH

● Former Olympian Phil Reavis of Villanova, normal by Reader Fox's conception (5 feet 9 inches), was once U.S. indoor high jump champion and in 1958 cleared a bar 13 inches over his head. La Salle's Al Cantello holds the javelin world record. He's 5 feet 7½. USC's Max Truex is national AAU 10,000-meter champion. He's 5 feet 5½.—ED.

## "THE DEADLY SPRAY"

Sirs:

We should like to compliment *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for John O'Reilly's story

on pesticides (*The Deadly Spray*, May 2). This is an accurate and well-written piece from the facts as we know them.

LOUIS S. CLAFFER

National Wildlife Federation  
Washington, D.C.

## BASKETBALL AND BIAS

Sirs:

The statistics which you consider "hard facts" in your EDITORIAL to prove the existence of a referee's bias in favor of the home basketball team (*Basketball's Ills*, May 2) are grossly inadequate and, in so many ways, justify the conclusions which you have drawn from them.

If you had quoted statistics showing that these same teams were penalized more than their opponents when playing away games, I would be more convinced that a bias exists.

PAUL SLOVIC

Highland Park, Ill.

● The bias is there. When the teams cited in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* went visiting, they were, in nearly every case, the ones to suffer the most penalties.—ED.

## DOWNGRADING LITTLE LUIS

Sirs:

I was most appalled at Gilbert Rogin's article about Luis Aparicio (*Happy Little Luis*, May 9). I was particularly amazed to see Aparicio labeled "the best shortstop in baseball." The Cubs' Shortstop Ernie Banks makes plays with a smoothness and grace and ease that Aparicio hasn't dreamed of. Little Luis is the second-best shortstop in baseball.

EDWARD P. MIZE, M.D.

Wilmette, Ill.

## ROPE TRICK

Sirs:

Regarding your article on Baltimore's sixth-grade rope jumper, Colette Yarnish (*PAY ON THE BACK*, May 9), we find it hard to conceive of anyone jumping 150 times in half a minute.

If, however, she did succeed in this amazing feat, does Colette qualify for some kind of world record?

FREDERICK C. MYCOCK  
SAMUEL THOMPSON  
BOULE BOUD

The Loomis School  
Windser, Conn.

● In Baltimore, anyway.—ED.

Sirs:

The average sixth-grade girl in the public schools of Baltimore could probably calculate that Colette's rope spin was not

exceeded

# To Anyone Who Wants to STOP SMOKING



by Sam Sneed

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## 10TH HOLE continued

at 150 mph, the velocity computed by an aircraft-company engineer.

At 150 revolutions in 30 seconds, the rope was passing under her twinkling toes 18,000 times an hour. To be moving 180 mph, each 100 turns would have to equal a mile, or 5,280 feet. The average circumference of a spin would have to be 52.8 feet. Dividing by  $\pi$  (3.1416), it seems the diameter of the circle described by the rope would be more than 16 feet.

Assuming Colette is about five feet tall, the circle probably would not be over eight feet in diameter. Maybe less than 50 mph would be more realistic.

WAYNE M. HIGLEY

Urbana, Ill.

● It would be. The aircraft engineer who calculated the rope's speed admits he tripped up, adds hastily he is considerably more accurate when computing figures for his boss.—ED.

## THE GREATEST GAME

Sirs:

I am happy to see your magazine finally gave some space to the greatest game of all—handball (*Four Wall* and *for Blood*, May 9). Robert Boyle's story was terrific. However, there are several cities that have conducted the annual handball championships without much of a nod from you. How about giving these fine cities a belated pat on the back for their part in building up this marvelous sport? Cities such as Chicago, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, St. Louis and Dallas have successfully sponsored the tournament in the past.

GEORGE E. LAW  
Athletic Director,  
Dallas Athletic Club

Dallas

## HIFI HIFI & NO HUM

Sirs:

I have just read Walter Bingham's opinionated column on the gymnastics tryouts for the U.S. Olympic Team (*Muscle and Grace*, May 9). He says, "Gymnastics has never been popular in this country, and perhaps this is because it is, really, so dull to watch." He obviously knows nothing about gymnastics.

FRANCIS RAYE

Syracuse, N.Y.

● Don't overlook one of Bingham's concessions: "You don't have to be a connoisseur to enjoy [those girls in leotards]."—ED.

## FAINT HEART NE'ER WON

Sirs:

We enjoyed Carleton Mitchell's report on the Miami-Nassau Ocean Power Boat Race (*Glorious Be to Power*, April 25), but elsewhere we've read criticisms that the race is too rugged and ought to be run only under fair-weather conditions.

The officials of the Bahamas Power

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Boat Association wish to go on record as expressing their opinion that this race is the most rugged ocean race in the world, is not for the faint of heart, and the rules as set a B not be changed.

The critics are requested to fly to Nassau and enjoy the festivities as we in the Bahamas pay homage to the winners and all the finishers in this greatest of the great, the Miami-Nassau Ocean Power Boat Race, the most rugged ocean race in the world. Any questions?

**SHERMAN F. CRIKE**  
Chairman, Miami-Nassau  
Ocean Power Boat Race

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

#### **NEEDLE SEE.**

"Clothes for Traveling Light" (SPORTING LOOK, May 6) interested me, as I will be traveling to Turkey and the Middle East this summer.

But I do hope Bob Taft, your model traveler, learns a little more about how to shoot a shotgun. His ride man's sput and cramped stance as he peers down the tubes of his gun (see below) will not break him any birds, though his technique ought to gladden the heart of the firm making his ammunition.

**WILLIAM B. EDWARDS**

Technical Editor, *Guns Magazine*  
Skokie, Ill.



**TAFT'S FAULTY BUT EFFECTIVE STYLE**

● Shooter Taft admits the squat but submits that, despite his unsportodoxy, he has carried off first prize in skeet shoots now and then and not infrequently sits down to wild duck from his own gun.—ED.

#### **NO PIGGY, HE**

Sirs:

In FOR THE RECORD (May 2) you note the resignation of "Dr. Eugene (Piggy) Lambert, 53, after four so-so years at Alabama."

Shades of the Purdue Boilermakers' old-time cage mentor, the late Ward (Piggy) Lambert! Shame on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

I have known Gentleman Gene Lambert for over 30 years and have never known him to be called or referred to as "Piggy" before. A clear faux pas.

**RADOL CARLSLE**

Forrest City, Ark.

● Ous, ous, ous.—ED.



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## Pat on the Back



CLARENCE PAUTZKE

## 'Feel like a kid again'

For 30 years Clarence Pautzke has devoted his energies, of which he has an extraordinary abundance, to the wildlife of the state of Washington. His notable contribution to sportsmen was development of the state's steelhead trout, netting mature fish and transporting them (see above) to artificial spawning grounds. Today Washington rivers, stocked by Pautzke with millions of the fattened offspring, offer the best steelhead fishing to be had in the world.

Now, at 52, Biologist Pautzke might be expected to ease off and plan a life of retirement. That's not the case: on May 1 he moved energetically to Juneau to become assistant fish and game commissioner

of the wildlife-rich state of Alaska.

"We've got it all fresh and new here," said Pautzke last week, "and our job is to encourage industry and population without sacrificing our wildlife. We've learned in the other 48 states, and we'll use this knowledge to save Alaska for the future."

Clearly, Clarence Pautzke has already fallen under Alaska's spell. "I flew over the Lynn Canal the other day," he rhapsodized, "and I saw clouds of spawning herring in the water, millions of them in schools a mile long. And after them came the sea birds, the porpoises and the sea lions."

"It's so damn big I feel like a kid out of college again, starting all over."



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